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# The Critic

(ESTABLISHED IN 1881)

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## The Tennyson Beacon

IT COULD BE wished that subscriptions for the proposed monument to Lord Tennyson on the Isle of Wight would come in more rapidly. The sum received thus far from American admirers of the poet amounts to less than one-quarter of the estimated cost of the memorial. The granite monolith in the form of an Iona cross that is to replace the Nodds Beacon and take the name of the late Laureate, will be a most fitting memorial, and Americans should be glad to contribute a large proportion of the amount necessary to ensure its prompt erection.

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## Literature

John Addington Symonds

*A Biography Compiled from His Papers and Correspondence. By Horatio F. Brown. With portraits and illustrations. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons.*

THESE SUMPTUOUS VOLUMES contain much that explains what one might call the Iridescent School of Criticism, a school corresponding in literature to the pre-Raphaelite movement in art. This school is characterized by extreme delicacy of perception, supersubtlety of sensation, power of painting in beautiful words, scenes, situations and sentiments that turn to poems as we read, combined with perpetual reversion to Elizabethan environments, fantastic passion for Gothic architecture and passionate love of Greek sensualism and plastic art. Place a sensitive, gifted, imaginative youth amid such studies and influences, endow him with a naturally weak constitution and a powerful mental activity, saturate his early life with all the benign essences with which wealth, opportunity for culture, and culture itself, can fertilize and stimulate it, send him then to Harrow and Oxford, and let him grow up in the painted cathedral light of such a hushed, artistic and hectic atmosphere: the result will be something not essentially different from the portrait of the accomplished man painted by himself in this biography.

John Addington Symonds was born in 1840 at Bristol, and died in 1893 at Rome. He is a unique type of what Alfred de Musset described in his celebrated romance—a genuine and unmistakable child of the nineteenth century, feeble-bodied, weak in nerves, but strenuous in intellect, a self-tormentor more pronounced than the Terentian type, dyed through and through with the henna of insatiate melancholy, a Werther whose imaginary sorrows began generations ago with some abnormal paternity, a very Epicurus in the exquisitely attuned griefs to which he is addicted, and which he plays upon like an intellectual Paderewski, skilfully, eternally. With almost everything to make him happy, Symonds was miserable, because he was born miserable. With a loving father (his mother had died when he was four), a devoted wife and sisters, a beautiful home on the terraces of Bristol and in Switzerland, unlimited means and educational opportunities without stint, he wandered around Europe in search of the physical health which alone had been denied him. No one, from the delightful books which he continued to pour forth for twenty years—books so full of joy, of exuberant fancy, of cunning analysis, rare descriptive power and many-sided learning,—would have suspected that this was but the surface

iridescence of decay, the halo that in de la Croix's lovely picture floats over the dead, drowned face. Usually people turn their rough sides to the world, like the discolored calcareous outside of the bivalve, while the pearly-lined sanctuary within is kept with all its precious exudations and efflorescence for the chosen few. With Symonds it was different: a beautiful, delightful nature, indeed, most social, urbane and brilliantly talkative; yet shrinking from sprinkling his lintels with hyssop before the public, and in his numerous critical, biographical, poetic and speculative works seldom alluding to the chronic sickness of his soul.

It is the office of this posthumous autobiography, which, in the words of Seneca, "non circum flosculos occupatur," to reveal the underlying fires that warmed this volcanic nature and heated into uncanny fructuosity all its floral germs. Indeed, this is done with superfluous detail and painful prolixity, and must have a disastrous effect upon those who were wont to yield indulgently to the Capuan charm of the author's works. Here is another case of an editor who, like Froude or like Rousseau, has arrived at the age of indiscretion and prints pell-mell hundreds of pages of useless self-torment, self-reviling, sickly lamentation over ill-health, incurable despondency and mild-mannered despair, when a single chapter of all this would have sufficed. The voluminous journals are industriously worked over, and all the minutiae of hyperæsthesia, neurotic wailing and æsthetic self-torture are drawn out to intolerable lengths, and one gets what must be an entirely false idea of a truly noble and bounteous nature, beaming with hospitality toward every kind of intellectual product, helpful to young and old around him, a favorite pupil of Jowett, the friend of Jenny Lind, a scholar ready to communicate of his good things to anyone that asked. There is hardly a gleam of the humorous, buoyant, sparkling man of the world we are continually told Symonds was; *Weltschmerz* gnaws at his supersensitive heart; the luxury of perpetual tears is literally swum in from the time the precocious boy, at fourteen, begins the vivid and detailed style of diary at Harrow, which he kept up in the same admirable diction until he died. The key-note of the whole is, as he says, Pindar's exclamation, -

"Things of day. What is a man? What is a man not? A dream about a shadow is man!"

This was no lyric cry: Pindar's agnosticism awoke reverberating echoes in the Harrow schoolboy, and "pierced to the very core and marrow of my soul." The winning of the Newdigate Prize for poetry and the Chancellor's Medal for prose at Oxford, election as Fellow of Magdalen, early and brilliant literary success, happy family surroundings, surfeit of travel in the most delicious scenic parts of Europe, uninterrupted congenial work on the Elizabethans, on Dante, Boccaccio, Michael Angelo, Walt Whitman, the Greek poets, the Renaissance in Italy, speculative and philosophical questions of the day, volumes of travel among the poetic and picturesque sites of Italy, Sicily and France: all this is insufficient to keep the indefatigable scribe from his diary and his vulture-like devourings of himself. Tears are too delicious to be given up, and they flow in torrents through the whole inundated first volume, a veritable *débâcle*. One feels sure that the writer did not intend all this *via dolorosa* to be exhumed in all its length, any more than Carlyle did with his voluminous lamentations. The pessimism is but too apparent all the way through.

"Thus I played [as a boy] with an electrical machine and microscope, collected flowers and dried them, caught butterflies and pinned them upon corks; but I was far too dreamy and impatient

to acquire any solid knowledge of natural science. I crammed my memory with the names of infusorial animalcules, sea-weeds, wild-flowers, a great many of which still lie in the lumber-room of my brain. \* \* \* The real secret of my inefficiency lay, however, in want of will and liking for accurate knowledge. I was a weakling in mind and body, only half awake" (p. 52).

The same morbid self-criticism and self-reviling pursue the writer all through his autobiographic vein and correspondence: "inefficiency" is the watchword; and, it must be confessed, superficiality and inaccuracy followed, along with useless ululation over his inability to be or become a "poet." One feels sympathetic over the man's weak eyes and unstrung brain, but certainly not with the lengths of self-consciousness and egotism to which they drive him. Over-educated, crammed with futile erudition, destitute of real intellectual gymnastics in his youthful training, he developed an "amateurishness in literature," a rhapsodical, rhetorical vein dangerously near hysteria, which made him the apostle of fatal fluency, many-colored tropes and inaccu-omniscience. For twelve years he lay more or less ill in the High Alps, at Davos, wrestling with huge ambitions, inadequate stores of health and books, and incomplete preparation, yet pouring forth verse, essay, history, biography, translation, travel-sketches, all marked with the pathetic *stigmata* of disease. His nature was "cloyed with over-suavity," and the reactions from satiety, as they occur in innumerable jottings in his diaries, read like a room in Schopenhauer's disenchanted palace, or the grim turrets of Leopardi. He "pined with distempered appetite," and in hours of inertia, face to face with Mediterranean seas or Alpine summits, fed to surfeit by slow imbibition on Whitman, Shelley, Theocritus, Wordsworth, Milton, Marlow, Dante, Sir Thomas Browne. How pitiful that one so intimate with the Greek spirit, one who, at Athens, so intensely felt that "it is pure light, serenity, harmony, balance, definition—nothing too large, too crushing, but all human and beautiful," should have incarnated just the opposite spirit of discontent, discord, lack of luminosity, opaque melancholy, unlovely dyspepsia of the soul! Fortunately, in the light of the author's noble and genial *outside* life, we can explain many of these passages (as Mr. Brown mercifully does) as the outcome of mere moods which exhaust themselves in the actual expression. His own private, reiterated doctrine was that "life is more than literature," and so he lived and so died in Rome in the soft April weather, and lies beside Shelley's *cor cordium* in the Protestant Cemetery, under a beautiful epitaph written for him by the loving hand of Jowett. His daughter (who wrote the charming "Doge's Farm" reviewed in *The Critic* some time ago) touchingly applies to him Matthew Arnold's lines on Clough, who died in Florence much in the same way:—

"Why faintest thou? I wandered till I died.  
Roam on! the light we sought is shining still."

#### "In the Dozy Hours"

*And Other Papers.* By Agnes Repplier. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A VOLUME of essays by Miss Repplier is a pleasure to its possessor for certain qualities always admirable in writing, and none too frequent in our day. Some of these qualities are clearness and spontaneity of style, humor and sanity—a stock in trade fit to furnish forth a literary feast. One is glad to premise these virtues before saying that, on the whole, Miss Repplier's latest volume is hardly equal to her preceding ones. With a few exceptions, the essays are upon somewhat less interesting subjects than those of the earlier books; and the title-essay is not one of the author's brilliant efforts. Miss Repplier's writing is always interesting, however, and even when the gamut of one volume includes the notes of another, the reader is still held by the charm of style. Her range is pretty clearly established by this time, and what she has said hitherto, she has said so well, that repetition, even her own, is not needed. One feels like asking why she does not turn her talents to account in the field of pure criticism. Instead of a

delightful essay on Sympathy, aptly quoting Stevenson and instancing Scott, why not a delightful essay on Stevenson, a delightful essay on Scott? Who, indeed, could praise Sir Walter more discriminatingly, more sympathetically?

These coming essays should be longer than those in the present volume. Twelve small pages is an apt length for a gossipy essay, but there is enough literary stuff in Miss Repplier to fill a longer chapter than that. Her literary opinions have literary value, quite apart from their manner, and a concentration, instead of a scattering, of them, would produce something extremely good. It is not that her literary estimates are unerring, for mistakes may readily be culled among her pages, but that even her mistakes are mistakes on the right side. The healthy and virile part of literature has in her a strong spokesman. The present volume contains a score of papers, half a dozen of them touching questions much in evidence at the moment. A plea, for instance, is happily made "In Behalf of Parents," upon whom now rests the manifold injunction of "Don't" that used to direct the conduct of children. Thoroughly in the author's vein is the essay on "Lectures," which form of amusement wins no sympathy from the essayist. And in "A Curious Contention," the claims of the new woman are spicily dismissed. For this latter paper, Miss Repplier will receive (we dare not say deserve) the thanks of many a benighted man.

#### "The Evolution of an Empire"

*A Brief Historical Sketch of France.* By Mary Parmele. New York: William Beverley Harrison.

IN HIS BOOK on "Social Evolution," Mr. Kidd complains of the slight influence the Darwinian theory and recent advances in biology have had on modern historians. At the same time that he wrote these strictures, Mary Parmele was writing a series of historical sketches under the title that stands at the head of this review. The first volume gave a brief outline of German history. The present one contains 100 small pages devoted to France. This undertaking would seem to controvert Mr. Kidd's position, yet it tends to strengthen it, for the title of these volumes is a misnomer. Except in the title the author nowhere betrays the slightest influence of the evolutionary school. It is incomprehensible that one who has the word evolution in her title could write of Napoleon that "not a trace of his work remains upon humanity to-day," and of Richelieu, "of all his work there is but one thing which revolutions and time have not swept away." Like Goldwin Smith's *History of the United States*—to compare small with great,—this book is an outline of political history. But in political history, from the very fact that politics are an outward manifestation of the life of the people, we can have no orderly development, no unbroken chain of cause and effect. In constitutional history, as understood by Gneist, it is far different.

Parts of this little volume have been put together very artistically, but, on the whole, the author shows only a superficial knowledge of French history. She has intended the book for those already familiar with the subject "as a reminder of the sequence of conditions and events in the history of France; while to the student it is presented as a framework upon which may be placed, in orderly and comprehensible fashion, the results of future reading and research." But to the former class the book will be distasteful on account of its mistakes and the false light it throws on many events, while for the same reasons it will be dangerous to the latter class. One of the inaccuracies should be noticed. We read:—"Henry V., grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella (and nephew of Katherine, wife of Henry VIII.) was Emperor of Germany." Of course, instead of Henry V., it should be Charles V., but the mistake was so glaring that we attributed it to the common scapegoat of authors, when in difficulties—the printer. But when the same mistake occurs in four other places our charitable intentions are frustrated, and we must needs place the blame where it probably belongs—



on the author's head. To write the history of a great people in small compass requires very great ability. Is it a wonder that one who forgets the name of one of Germany's most famous emperors should have been so unsuccessful?

#### Arthurian Lore

1. *The Arthurian Epic. A Comparative Study, etc.* By S. H. Gurneen. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
2. *La Morte Darthur.* By Sir Thomas Malory. Edited by Prof. Rhys, and illustrated by Aubrey Beardsley. Pt. II. Macmillan & Co.
3. *Inflections and Syntax of the Morte D'Arthur of Sir Thomas Malory: A Study in Fifteenth Century English.* By C. S. Baldwin. Ginn & Co.

KING ARTHUR, like Achilles, the Cid, Roland and Siegfried, is a hero of whom the world apparently never tires, and whose perpetual resurrection is one of the phenomena of ever-recurring spring. For hundreds of years he has been known as the *flos regum*, who gathered

"The goodliest fellowship of noble knights of whom this world hath record,"—

a nebulous King, who is like a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night to his admirers. Increasing in splendor the more far away, nebulous, divine, he becomes a sunrise apparition hovering wraithlike on the edges of the sixth historic century, and, looming over into Christendom, half a pagan, half a sprite. In some way the extraordinary Celtic hero, of whom Welsh, Breton, French and English deacons, archdeacons, "clerks" and bards wrote oceans, became entangled in the vast and glittering webs of the story of Joseph of Arimathea and the Holy Communion Cup; the two grew and thrived together; a mighty symbolism sprang out of the rank soil of mediæval adventure and imagination, and twined about the Grail and the King and knit them together with marvellous stitch-work; the Round Table took the place of the Last Supper, Arthur sat in the seat of Christ, and the Knights of the Table Round became secular Apostles, who sought for the vanished Cup as for the lost Christ or the vanished ideal. Poets were not wanting to weld these fantastic themes into a great, many-hued mosaic—an *opus alexandrinum*,—in which Christianity and paganism, knight-errantry and feudalism, wrought and fought and painted and built, until cathedral-like masses of myth and poem arose and diffused themselves vaporously all over middle and western Europe. The story of Arthur has now become a literature in itself, so vast that books (and handbooks about these books) have had to be written or compiled about it.

An excellent introduction to the field is Mr. Gurneen's course of lectures (1), delivered before a rural audience and afterwards corrected and expanded into a volume. The lecturer displays a very creditable knowledge of the original sources, knows his Walter Map, Malory, and "Mabinogion" well, and, though not immaculate in his quotations from the French and Anglo-Saxon (see, too, an odd misprint—*rank/ing* for *ranking*, p. 34), seems fully conversant with all the literature of the subject, except the German—Middle, Middle-High and Modern. The rather *ore rotundo* style is true of the University-bred curate, who rolls out "words of learned length and thundering sound" (e. g., *cyclys* for the simple English word *cycle*, etc.) to the awed congregation, and is slightly deficient in a sense of humor. The full chapters, however, summarize sufficiently well the history, analysis and writers of the Arthurian cult, the prominent characters thereof, such as Arthur, Merlin, Vivienne, Lancelot, Guinevere, Elaine, Geraint, Enid and Galahad, and the Tennysonian "Idylls" in their treatment of the Celtic epopee. The author very justly remarks that Tennyson's work shows dramatic feebleness and consists merely of a series of very exquisitely painted detached episodes, flotsam and jetsam from the Arthurian sea, rather than of a noble and connected dramatic whole.

Sir Thomas Malory's collection (2) in Caxton's edition (1485) is a treasure-trove (*trouve*, Skeat would pronounce it) of rare fifteenth century English and racy idiom reproduced in delightful æsthetic form with the quaint illustrations of

Mr. *Yellow-Book* Beardsley. These illustrations are singular to the last degree, and sometimes fail to illustrate. They are undoubtedly clever—broad, sweeping masses of black-and-white interspersed with huge inanities, immense sprawling wonder-flowers, sphinx-like forms with Gorgon locks, and scroll-saw designs in zigs and zags. A text steeped in soot and symbolism like this is hardly "illustrated" in the etymological sense of made luminous or lustrous: it is simply darkened and made mysterious. This often, however, has a positive charm in a tale so legendary and mysterious as that of the Blameless King. Mr. Beardsley's weird physiognomies and serpentine fauna and flora and reptilian suggestiveness thrill even when they fail to interest or to elucidate. We reviewed the text of this edition on 26 May 1894.

An admirable and penetrating method of illustration of another kind is found in Dr. Baldwin's book (3), which plunges vertically, so to speak, into the thick of the Malory-Caxtonian sea, and explores its peculiarities of flection and order, like a diver in a diving-bell. This thorough study is a doctoral dissertation, and emanates from the Department of Higher Studies at Columbia College. Certain omissions in it have been supplemented by Prof. Hempl (in *Modern Language Notes*) from the unpublished collections of Dr. W. S. Norton. It is well to study so monumental a work as Malory's in this way, because, as Dr. Baldwin remarks, it is the type of the transition period between Chaucer and Spenser, and marks the progress of Middle into Modern English. The public will look with interest for the appearance of select books of this great prose epic from the same hand, for class use.

#### "Sonya Kovalevsky"

*Her Recollections of Childhood.* Tr. from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. With a Biography by Anna Carlotta Leffler, Duchess of Cajanello, tr. from the Swedish by A. M. Clive Bailey, and a Biographical Note by Lily Wolfsohn.

MME. KOVALEVSKY'S own account of her childhood seems to us the most interesting part of this remarkable chronicle. The biography contributed by Mme. de Cajanello deals with the more important period in the life of this woman of genius, but her study of the failure of Sonya's life, amid all her brilliant successes, would not be so easily understood, nor make so deep an impression, had we not these introductory chapters, which so unconsciously, yet so surely, prepare us for what is to come. Mme. Kovalevsky, the mathematician, saw clearly, aided by what was almost second sight; Sonya Kovalevsky, the woman, saw as in a glass, darkly, longing in vain for the happiness that falls to the lot of so many women without one gift but the supreme one of being able to feel love, and to inspire it. Fru Leffler, who found in the love of the Italian nobleman and mathematician the happiness that to Sonya was denied, found in it the inspiration, also, for her best work, the perfection of her intellectual gifts in the fullness of her emotional life; Sonya, on the other hand, attained the *Prix Bordin*, the greatest scientific honor that has ever been bestowed upon woman, unaided and alone, although, says Mme. Cajanello, "the man in whom she had found such 'full satisfaction,' as she declared; in whom she found all that her soul thirsted for, all that her heart desired, was present on that occasion. At that supreme moment all she had dreamed of as the highest joy of life became hers. Hers was the highest acknowledgment of her genius; hers the object of her truest devotion." But the sweetness of triumph was lost in the misery of the woman, who hoped so ardently, but in vain, for an all-absorbing affection, that never came to her, although more than once she came near realizing her ideal. Exacting beyond measure, Sonya never learned that the great secret of love lies in giving, not in receiving.

Born of wealthy and noble parents, Sonya and her older sister Aniuta grew up on a lonely estate, left entirely to the care of servants. The wave of emancipation, of irresistible demand for a larger life, among Young Russia, reached the

isolated house, and divided children against parents, the new against the old. Aniuta, a girl of great gifts, secretly began to write for Dostoyevsky's *Epoch*, and entered, through a servant, into correspondence with him. The father's attitude towards the modern movement may be judged from his words when the secret leaked out:—"Anything may be expected from a girl who is capable of entering into correspondence with a strange man, unknown to her father and mother, and receiving money from him. You sell your novels now, but the time will probably come when you will sell yourself." Yet he was a man of noble character and rare liberality, for he came to understand the spirit of unrest that agitated his children, and when, years later, Aniuta's lover was arrested as a Communist, he travelled to Paris to have the man set free, an undertaking in which he succeeded. Sónya made her first acquaintance with mathematics (which, as she humorously remarks, most people confound with arithmetic) in the nursery:—

"When we transferred our abode to the country, the whole house had to be done over afresh, and all the rooms were repapered. But as the rooms were many, there was not paper enough for one of the rooms belonging to us children; it was a great undertaking to order more from St. Petersburg, and to order for a single room was decidedly not worth the while. They kept waiting for an opportunity, and in the interim this ill-treated room stood for many years with nothing but common paper on its walls. But by a happy accident the paper used for this first covering consisted of sheets of Ostrográdsky's lithographed lectures on the differential and the integral calculus, bought by my father in his youth. These sheets, spotted over with strange, incomprehensible formulæ, soon attracted my attention. I remember how, in my childhood, I passed whole hours before that mysterious wall, trying to decipher even a single phrase, and to discover the order in which the sheets ought to follow each other. By dint of prolonged and daily scrutiny, the external aspect of many among these formulæ was fairly engraved on my memory, and even the text left a deep trace on my brain, although at the moment of reading it was incomprehensible to me. When, many years later, as a girl of fifteen, I took my first lesson in differential calculus from the famous teacher in mathematics in Petersburg, Alexander Nikolaevitch Straunoliúbsky, he was astonished at the quickness with which I grasped and assimilated the conceptions of the terms and derivatives, 'just as if I had known them before.' I remember that this was precisely the way in which he expressed himself, and in truth the fact was that at the moment when he began to explain to me these conceptions, I immediately and vividly remembered that all this had stood on the pages of Ostrográdsky, so memorable to me, and the conception of space seemed to have been familiar to me for a long time."

To escape from the parental control and be free to continue her studies, Sónya contracted a fictitious marriage (at that time a common thing among young Russians thirsting for knowledge), and went abroad. Later this marriage became one in fact, but Sónya did not find in it the love and happiness which she sought with such pitiful persistence. Her platonic intrigue with a young Pole, whom she met in Paris after her husband's death, also proved to be a mistake; and the man who seems really to have loved her, a *boyar* of wide experience, found that life with her would have been a burden too heavy to be borne, and was forced by her exactions to renounce his suit for her hand. In the meantime she continued her triumphant career as a scientist. Honored as Professor of Mathematics in the University of Stockholm, we find her writing from Berlin (July, 1884):—"W—— has spoken to several officials here about my wish to attend lectures. It is possible that the thing may be arranged, but not this summer, as the present Rector is a decided opponent of woman's rights. I hope, however, it may be arranged by December, when I return to spend my Christmas holidays here."

Commenting on this incident, Mme. Cajanello says:—"The University of Stockholm had already appointed Fur Kovalévsky professor, while in Germany it was still impossible for her, as a woman, to attend even lectures." Sónya died alone in the northern city where she had never been at home, a

disappointed woman, who felt that life had denied her the only gift that could have made her happy.

Her biographer's praise of her literary gifts seems superfluous after we have read Sónya's *Recollections*. In the great scientist the world certainly lost a great artist. The charm of this narrative lies in its simplicity, its graphic descriptions and delicate shadings of atmosphere and tone, which produce a picture on the mind that is complete in every detail; and Miss Hapgood has used all the resources of her own art in preserving and giving due value to these niceties, which in other hands would probably have been lost. Ellen Key's and Lily Wolffsohn's contributions deal with Mme. de Cajanello, and come therefore not within the scheme of this review, even though they treat of a figure remarkable in the history of Scandinavian life and letters. The story of Mme. Kovalévsky's life forms an important chapter of the history of woman in the nineteenth century. It teaches many great lessons, but greatest among them all is that no one is sufficient unto himself, that woman needs man, as man needs woman, to make life complete.

### "The Vagabonds"

By Margaret L. Woods. Macmillan & Co.

IT IS NOT OFTEN that one reads a book as original in form, as convincing in matter, and as consistent in execution, as this English story of circus life, whose *dramatis personæ* are drawn from the performers in a cheap travelling show. It is difficult to judge of the accuracy of such a picture, but the writer certainly produces the illusion of reality. She maintains it, moreover, to the end, the atmosphere of the circus enfolding the entire volume. Yet the story's merit lies not so much in this, as in the fact that it is broadly human. Its action, its emotions are not bounded by the canvas walls of the tent; they strike at the root of things, they are universal. We are surprised to find these acrobats and clowns human creatures like ourselves, moved like us by their affections, working to the same emotional crises, suffering the same sorrows. The plot is not extraordinary—this is another advantage; the originality lies rather in the treatment of it. The writer never forgets the peculiar environment of her characters; it is in the background, to be sure, but it is always there. It modifies or emphasizes or focuses, as the case may require, each situation. Yet it is never obtrusive, even the dramatic climax, where Joe saves the life of his rival, whom he hates in his heart, by killing his favorite elephant—even this being evolved naturally from the chain of events. The writer neither exploits nor patronizes her characters. She puts them before you quietly, frankly, without comment, allowing them to speak for themselves, to work out their own destiny. Herein lies the art of the book. It gives one a sense of inevitableness.

Given such characters and such combinations, the results are as certain as those in a mathematical problem. There is a fine reticence in the manner of telling the story; it seems almost to tell itself. The characters have individuality and consistency, yet are drawn on broad lines, and few petty and unnecessary details are obtruded upon the reader's attention. The less important figures stand out as vividly from the mass as the others; Topsy and Jane, Nobs and the Mexican are all distinct and well-rounded. Frizzles's dignity and the slight rigidity of his English are never lost sight of, and Susan, consistent, also, suggests Esther Waters in her cold, stiff rectitude. But Joe, the clown, with his comical face and great heart, his loyalty, his generosity and the power of self-sacrifice which comes to him at last, is the creation of the book. For, in spite of these great qualities, he is always Joey, the clown. Intellectually he never rises higher than his environment. He is a legitimate part of the show; but underneath his paint and his distended garments, he is made of the same clay as ourselves, of rather better quality, in truth. After the death of Chang, the elephant, the book weakens somewhat, Sister Honoria and the hospital episode being drawn by a



hand that has lost some of its firmness. But it is strengthened again near the end, the last interviews, especially, having a fine vitality. The close is artistic, with its picture of Joe's desolation while he heard "the rattle of the show wagons and the patter of the animals' feet as they passed by in the dusk." Throughout the book the writer holds one's interest. The talk is very cleverly handled, and the chief episodes are described with a swing and rush that carry one perforce into the excitement. To a simple, vigorous style, the writer adds a sincerity, an earnestness, that makes one forget her in admiration of her work.

### Three Books About Birds

1. *The Land Birds and Game Birds of New England.* By H. D. Minot. 2d ed., edited by Wm. Brewster. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
2. *Bird-Craft.* By Mabel Osgood Wright. Macmillan & Co.
3. *Handbook of the Birds of Eastern North America.* By F. M. Chapman. D. Appleton & Co.

THE ORNITHOLOGY of the United States appears to be commanding more attention of late than the other branches of its natural history, and it is fortunate that this is so, for the awakening of a general interest in this class of animals will doubtless tend towards preventing the persecution to which it is now too generally subjected; and therefore, in proportion as any bird-book influences in this direction, it may be said to be successful, even if from a literary or scientific standpoint it is open to criticism. What we need far more than mere instruction in avian anatomy, is a thundering protest against bird-butcherery, whether the result of the small boy's thoughtlessness or the "collecting" that masquerades under the garb of science.

The late Mr. Minot's book (1) is a second edition, the first having been issued several years ago. That so accomplished an ornithologist as William Brewster should edit the new issue, is evidence of the value of the work. While having reference to a comparatively limited locality, it will prove of interest and real value to the extra-limital reader. The correction, by the editor, of occasional misstatements, and the addition of the results of more recent observers, make the volume one upon which reliance can be placed. In every way, it is an admirable book; but the reader must not be surprised, when he takes up this or any other work upon the subject, to find that the author's statements and his own experiences or impressions do not correspond. The habits of a bird, or its song even, are not quite the same even in localities but a hundred or more miles apart. It is found, on comparing notes, that birds that are shy and avoid the town, or even farm-yards, in one section of the country, are tame and abundant in such localities elsewhere. Every species, whether of land or water bird, has, if its range is greatly extended, too varied an experience not to have its wits sharpened and to become something more than a mere machine. It is strange that variation in habit is not more marked than it proves to be, and it is the height of absurdity to make any unqualified statement regarding this all-important phase of bird-life. Nesting is the most nearly fixed habit, yet even this is not without "a shadow of turning."

Mabel Osgood Wright's pretty volume is sure to attract a host of readers, and deservedly so. It is a question whether books like this are not more needed than those professedly scientific and technical. The author takes us out of doors, too, and that is a great gain. Even pleasant and longed-for knowledge will bear sugar-coating. There is another feature, also, of this volume, which is worthy of mention. The reader, if indifferent or mildly interested, will become enthusiastic, and realize how much has been lost in summers past by giving no heed to the many birds about us. Our own experience convinces us that one has but to bring the bird and man or woman face to face, and a friendship will be started that will grow with the passing years. We are never too old to learn, and prosy, indeed, is the mind that will not become more or less ornithologic by the perusal of the pleasant pages of "Bird-Craft." It seems almost ill-natured to say one condemnatory word about this beautiful book, but we cannot help thinking that it would have been better to print it upon a smaller page. It is a little unhandy to carry about with us, but the objection is not very serious. Taken altogether, it is a most satisfactory guide-book, and deserves unbounded success. Its accomplished author is to be congratulated. The illustrations are quite satisfactory, and will greatly aid the student who aims to identify the birds met with in a day's ramble; but why not have original figures, and not forever reproduce the drawings of Audubon and

Wilson? And drawings, not photographs, are needed. They can be made more satisfactorily, and can be fully as accurate.

Chapman's "Handbook" (3), while the most learned and pretentious, will not prove more satisfactory to the general reader than the preceding volumes. It is so very technical that it will be used only as a book of reference. It lacks the flavor of the haunts of the birds described, and carries with it the atmosphere of the museum rather than the wild-wood. But if we wish to be scientifically posted on these features of bird-life in their bearing upon general zoölogy, Mr. Chapman's pages are admirably adapted to the purpose. The keys to the species and details as to plumage, nests and eggs are all well worked out, and, fortunately for the reader, the page is small and the print beautifully clear, so that even the finest type can be read with ease. This goes far towards making it exceedingly convenient in the field, and yet not unworthy a prominent place on the book-shelf or table. The colored frontispiece and color-guide are both useful and ornamental, and the many black-and-white illustrations in the text are excellent. But in spite of the evident care with which the volume has been prepared, it is, we regret to say, not without errors of omission, in the two respects of geographical distribution and migratorial range. More than one species can be found beyond the limits here assigned to it, and several instances could be mentioned where birds are said to winter "from Virginia, southward," that are quite common at that season in southern New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania. Nor do birds come as late in spring and leave as early in autumn as Mr. Chapman supposes. But these are minor matters that should not affect our appreciation of a most creditable handbook.

### Books for Boys and Girls

"THE MAGIC OAK-TREE" and "Prince Filderkin," by the late Lord Brabourne, make a volume in the new Children's Library, a series of books in unique blue and white, attractive without and within. These "fairy-stories" are quite as delightful as anything the author's vivacious fancy ever conceived, and abound in impossible situations, sage moralizings and a genial humor that enlivens every paragraph. Sated with the realism and the matter-of-fact spirit of the day, one enjoys these excursions into fairy realms, and is thankful that such a region still exists, not too remote, and not forbidden even to "children of a larger growth." Indeed, who shall say that the Spaniard's vainly sought fountain of youth is not located somewhere in the land of sprites and magic oaks and spells and charms, and that age has no power to blight such as know the secret and wander thither now and then? Essayists may deplore the "decay of sentiment," yet some are not willing to admit that its votaries, though perhaps fewer, are any the less ardent than in the good old times.—A NEW EDITION of Capt. Marryat's "Japhet in Search of a Father" is provided with clever pen-and-ink illustrations by Mr. Henry M. Brock, and an introduction by Mr. David Hannay, who refuses to believe that the boys of this generation no longer take pleasure in Marryat, and who thinks it so much the worse for them if they do. There is this to be said for the boys—that they now have Stevenson to fall back upon. And it cannot be denied that in his twenty years of novel writing Marryat produced much trash, and much, also, that is not especially fit for boys to read. "Japhet in Search of a Father" belongs to both categories. It is not nearly so amusing as Mr. Brock's illustrations may lead those who have not read it to think; but it is perhaps good enough to serve as the first volume of the new set. Mr. Hannay gives a readable account of his author's life and, on the whole, a fair critical estimate of his work. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE STORY OF "Banshee Castle," by Rosa Mulholland, is as fascinating as its name indicates. It is a story for girls, and, like most of this gifted author's tales, is laid in the Ireland she knows so well. The three Miss Tyrconnells, graceful, blooming girls, had, after the death of their spendthrift father and their heart-broken mother, been brought up by their mother's governess. By constant work and self-denial, this sacrificing lady had managed to keep these young Irish girls with her in London, and to educate them as well as if their birthright of position and wealth had not been denied them. After years of struggling and cheerful penury, it was not bad news to learn that they, with their lost brother, Lord Tyrowen, had come into the inheritance of Banshee Castle in Galway. It soon appeared that this meant little improvement in their worldly fortunes, but it was something to possess even a deserted, decaying castle, and the little family decided to move there and await further developments from the search for the lost

brother. On the arrival of these merry maidens with their staid old friend at the castle, the charm of the story begins. Miss Mulholland has told with much sympathy and spirit their delvings for ancestral traditions, their pleasant inquisitive relationship with the imaginative peasantry, their struggle to make housemaids out of the barefooted bog maidens, their love of the free, healthful life, and their unaffected recognition of their poverty when the neighboring gentry came to call upon them. In the end, as in duty bound in the writing of a girl's story, Miss Mulholland brings in a mate for each young woman, and in place of the lost, undeserving brother, fortunately deceased, a fine young fellow, direct heir to the title of Tyrowen, who marries one of the young ladies, rebuilds the old castle, and props up in every way the decaying family fortunes of the Tyronnells. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

ANOTHER BOOK FOR GIRLS is "Blanche," by Mrs. Molesworth. Contrary to this author's usual custom, the story is not for little ones in the nursery, but for those larger children whose pinafore days are nearly over, and who have begun to look forward to assuming the responsibilities of womanhood. Blanche is the daughter of an English lady who in her girlhood had gone to France, and married a Frenchman. After her husband's death she determined to return to England with her little family, choosing the scene of her own girlhood. Both she and her old neighbors had changed much during her twenty years' absence, and she found herself in straitened circumstances among people almost strange to her. Here, however, they settled, and when the blow fell that deprived them of their little fortune, they set to work with a will to support themselves by being milliners. Ill fortune did not last long, and in the end the sweet-tempered English girls found their true place in the world. The story has that fine moderation and atmosphere of breeding that attend whatever Mrs. Molesworth attempts, but it lacks the vitality of our own Miss Alcott's work. Indeed, charming and gentle as Mrs. Molesworth always is, we sometimes feel, while reading her books, a longing for a touch of that untrained spontaneity which would lighten a correctness of sentiment and style that often descends into monotony. (Thomas Whittaker.)

STILL ANOTHER BOOK for girls, by an author many of whose later books we find it hard to approve, is "Red Rose and Tiger Lily," by Mrs. L. T. Meade. This, also, is a story of English country life, of a knot of girls and a lot of vexed questions that they try in their own blundering way to settle. It is full of situations of suspense, and of those false sentiments and rapid emotions that unhappily young girls of this degenerate age believe to be ideals to be achieved—ideas they have received largely from this kind of literature. It is needless to particularize, and to say that the prototypes of the men and women and girls in this story do not appear in real life. Probably even the author does not herself think they are significant representations, but the pity is that she should make these flighty, ill-bred, sensational girls and wooden men serve as the foundations of a story, instead of the delightful, wholesome young English men and women she must see about her. Mrs. Meade brushes in her people with a careless hand, and with a touch that is fast losing its delicacy of manipulation. (Cassell Pub. Co.)—ANOTHER BOOK that will doubtless be more interesting to girls than to boys is "In Edith's Days," by Mary E. Bamford. It is one of those stories especially designed to fill the needs of the circulating Sunday-school library, being the history of the struggle for freedom of the sect known as the Anabaptists. The scenes are laid chiefly in England and the Netherlands during the reign of the English Henry VIII., the Spanish Charles V. and his son Philip II. The story has considerable local color, and those children who remember the vivid interest excited by the ever-delightful "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family," will perhaps be desirous of reading of the trials that befel a sect no less despised and devoted than the Lutherans. (American Baptist Pub. Co.)

"THREE OF US," by Izora C. Chandler, starts out with every promise of being delightful, presented as it is in faultless style and clearest print, but must be admitted to be a disappointment. It is a story about three dogs, Barney, Rex and Cossack, and is illustrated by the author. There is no doubt about the distinct individuality of the canine heroes, and the author attempts her task with a positive enthusiasm for her subjects, but injudicious expansion and a good deal of aimless sentimentality have destroyed the interest of stories which with brevity might have had charm.

She has fancy, but her touch is uncertain and lacks training, as well in her drawings (some of which are delightful) as in her writing. (Hunt & Eaton.)—HORATIO ALGER, JR., is always sure of a public, no matter how bad his rhetoric, how unreal his situations, or how crude his workmanship. His latest book, "Victor Vane, the Young Secretary," tells, as usual, of the impossible virtues, triumphs and successes of a boy of seventeen, who becomes private secretary and confidential adviser and friend to a Western Congressman, and transacts a large amount of important business in the most experienced fashion. Such stories as this call for little comment. We must recognize the fact that they have taken possession of the mind of the ordinary unreflective boy with a strong hold, and, if possible, supplement this taste for tales of street life with a liking for those that are truly literary. (Porter & Coates.)

"ALADDIN THE SECOND," by Theo C. Knauff, is rude in style and characterization. It has been somewhat difficult to adapt the magic expedition of the ancient tale to realistic modern situations, but the author, by the use of a good deal of bravado and slang on the part of a very objectionable hero, and the service of a very "tough" slave of the lamp, has managed to keep up the clumsy illusion of an analogy to the splendid old Oriental tale. (J. Selwin Tait & Sons.)—"JEAN BELIN, the French Robinson Crusoe," has been adapted from the French of Alfred de Bréhan. The story is quaintly unlike either an English or American tale, and has without doubt suffered from translation. At least, we must surmise that the lack of interest felt in reading it is due to such clumsy English as this:—"Out of the ninety or hundred and twenty days' sail to India, twenty days are usually the outside of those which are varied by any incident." The book has little in common with Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," that tale of heroic solitude, but is a companion piece to "The Swiss Family Robinson," and shares with that categorical narrative a dullness that never clouded the pages of the more illustrious volume. Nevertheless, English and American boys will be glad to see the kind of adventure that is served up to a French boy, and will perhaps be struck, as was the reviewer, with the pleasant domestic relation between the small heroes and the older members of the family, and the friendship for and reliance of these same older members upon the younger ones. At no time is the sense of proportion destroyed. Our American juvenile tale, on the other hand, makes the youth alone appear of importance, and the older members of the community addle-brained simpletons, and inculcates in the young reader the pernicious belief that he too is the chosen of the nation, and has but to demand, to receive his due homage. (Lee & Shepard.)

#### New Books and New Editions

THE BOOK LOVERS' LIBRARY, edited by Henry B. Whertley, now includes "Walton and Some Earlier Writers on Fish and Fishing," edited by R. B. Marston. This is strictly one of those "companionable books that tempt us out of doors and keep us there," as Lowell says, full of breeziness, anecdote and sparkling quotation. Shakespeare's "century of praise" might almost be paralleled by Walton's

"Satellites burning in a lucid ring  
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory,"

as Wordsworth wrote, to which one might add, as a consummation of praise, Charles Lamb's "It might sweeten a man's temper at any time to read 'The Compleat Angler.'" Mr. Marston (who is the editor of *The Fishing Gazette*) runs the matter chronologically, and begins his praise of fishing (about 500 years too late!) with Piers of Fulham, in 1420, as "containing probably the earliest known reference to angling in English." Shade of Ælfric! Did Mr. Marston never read this old Anglo-Saxon grammarian's dialogues on Fishing? Then, following the personal introduction, we have charming chapters on Dame Juliana Berners and her "Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle," the Italians and Dutchmen, Gervase Markham, Walton and the World's Fair (Chicago), editions of "The Compleat Angler," Charles Cotton's "Practical Directions" and tributes to Walton from celebrated men. Sir Walter praises "the beautiful simplicity of his Arcadian language," and old Sam Johnson loved him for what he wrote. Can any of our readers answer Mr. Marston's question:—"I wonder who was the editor of *The North American Review* at this time?"—December, 1830, No. XVI., containing interesting references from the Diary of Wilson the ornithologist anent Walton. (A. C. Armstrong & Son.)



"OUR TOWN and Some of Its People," by Mr. John Menzies, gives us a pleasant series of sketches of life in a small Fifeshire town. They were written long ago, as the preface tells us, and illustrate ways of life that are rapidly passing out of knowledge, and to some extent even out of memory. The characters are real persons, most of whom are now dead; but such as are alive could take no offense at the genial manner in which they are depicted here. No attempt is made to weave the sketches into a continuous narrative, but many little tales, humorous, romantic or pathetic, are scattered through the book, which is beautifully printed at the Gresham Press. The frontispiece is the reproduction of a photograph of the town that gives name to the volume, but its own name is nowhere mentioned. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—MRS. M. E. FRANCIS'S even dozen of sketches collected in the volume entitled "In a North Country Village" are faithful, unaffected transcriptions from life. Like George Eliot, Mrs. Francis has an eye for character shaped by rustic environment, a power of sympathizing with the life that is marked by honest impulses as well as by limitations. The present volume, indeed, may be the prelude of a fuller, more rounded work. The simple effects of the book are immediate and genuine; every accent of dialect justifies itself. (Little, Brown & Co.)

PROF. BEERS'S VIEWS of "The Ways of Yale" are delightfully antiquated. To a modern graduate his book might almost have been written by the first Prex Dwight, or some other respectable paleozoic personage of whom tradition lingers in New Haven. Yale University of to-day is as little like the Yale College, *Consule Plano*, as it is like any one of a dozen fresh-water colleges. Those of us who have sat under Prof. Beers in the class-room and have heard him gently inculcating the soulful poets into a roomful of prosaic and obstreperous undergraduates, with that melancholy, faraway smile playing over his kind face, can scarce conceive the hilarity of this record of College days now thirty years gone. To think of Prof. Beers kicking the shins of a tutor would be like speaking disrespectfully of the equator, and yet he invites us to contemplate that very operation, or something much like it. And he assures us that he still glories in it as he walks the Campus to-day! But the joyousness of college life is of all time, and as college types persist, we have found great fun in this book, and, *mutatis mutandis*, some of our classmates well hit off. We want to protest, however, against anyone's taking Prof. Beers's Yale for the present Yale. Parents who read might well hesitate to recognize the fact that we have a real University. Practical jokes and horse-play no longer make up the curriculum—oh, no, "nous avons changé tout cela,"—we have football and other athletics to employ the studious youth. Some day, perhaps, we shall have an atmosphere of learning. At all events, it is very evident that we have improved upon "the ways of Yale" as Prof. Beers knew them in 1869. (H. Holt & Co.)

"THE EVOLUTION OF INDUSTRY," by Henry Dyer, is not, as its title would seem to imply, a history of industry in the past, but a study of the industry of the present, with a view to ascertaining its tendencies and its probable future. The author is a devotee of the physical sciences, and thinks that the methods and results of those sciences, especially of biology, are necessary to the proper understanding of social and industrial life; yet, except in regard to the population question, he makes very little use of biological or physical principles in his analysis of the industrial order. On the contrary, the considerations on which he chiefly dwells are mostly economic and moral, and he rejects the view of Spencer and others, which regards society as an organism. He reviews the various forms of economic life as they exist around us—the competitive system, trade-unions, coöperation, state and municipal industries, etc.—showing what, in his opinion, is good in each, and what is likely to be their development hereafter. He would extend the sphere of the state somewhat, but opposes anything like collectivism, and relies mainly on improvements in trade-unionism and coöperation for the betterment of the industrial future. We do not find, however, that he has anything of much importance to suggest in the way of practical measures. The real strength of his book lies in its earnest insistence on the need of moral and educational improvement and the subordination of economic life to the higher life of the spirit. Wealth, he repeatedly reminds us, is nothing but a means of moral and intellectual growth and spiritual welfare; and even as regards industry, he thinks that what is most needed is a change in the spirit in which it is carried on. This demand for higher moral aims is the strong

point of the book. It is also the point that most needs emphasizing, just now, in all discussions of industrial questions. (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. HENRY GANNETT of the U. S. Census Bureau and Geological Survey has issued "The Building of a Nation: The Growth, Present Condition and Resources of the United States, with a Forecast of the Future." The material of the book is mainly derived from the census tables, but the author has illustrated the figures and other details by a profusion of maps and charts, seemingly far in excess of what is required. The historical matter is of small amount, the greater part of the book being devoted to the condition of the country at the present day. The reader will find in it abundant information about the growth and population of the country, the various races that inhabit it, the general outline of the Government, the various branches of industry and other topics, with a mass of statistics relating to all of them. Mr. Gannett's official position, with the opportunities it affords, ensures the general accuracy of his work, which for certain purposes will undoubtedly be useful. At the same time, it has faults of a serious character. It is almost exclusively devoted to material interests, only four pages being given to education, and religion receives scarcely more attention, while literature, science, philosophy and art are left unnoticed. The work is marred, too, by a spread-eagleism which sensible men are likely to find repulsive, and which ought not to appear in any American book at the present day. Thus the author declares repeatedly, in slightly varying language, that "in all that goes to make civilization, the American Republic at the end of its first century stands the acknowledged leader of the nations of the earth" (p. 2). How far we really are from holding any such position is known and lamented by all thinking Americans; and nothing more effectively hinders our taking such a position than the boastful spirit that sullies the pages of this book. (Henry T. Thomas Co.)

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS on the currency question multiply apace, and we wish we could say that their quality was equal to their quantity; but with few exceptions, the works of that class which we have seen of late years are either fantastic plans of currency reform, or mere repetitions of what has been as well, or better, said before. We have just received two volumes, on such topics, neither of which can be said to add anything to what was already known, or to present anything new and valuable in the way of practical suggestion. The first of these is a new edition of S. Dana Horton's work on "Silver and Gold," which was originally published in 1877, and which presents the views of the international bimetalists in a convenient and rational form. The recent death of the author has doubtless suggested this reissue of his book, which at this day, however, is rather behind the times. (Cincinnati: Robert Clarke Co.)—ANOTHER BOOK of the class referred to, "A Sound Currency and Banking System: How it May be Secured," by Allen R. Foote, is one of the Questions of the Day series, and takes a different view of the subject from that of Mr. Horton. Mr. Foote does not confine himself to the question of the monetary standard, though he himself is what our friends in the Far West would call a "gold bug," but devotes himself more particularly to considering how to get rid of the greenbacks and how to reconstitute the national bank circulation. He offers nothing new, however, so far as we can see, on any of these topics, and, as his own information is on some points defective, we fear that his book will not do much to enlighten the public. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

IN HIS PREFACE to "The Cause of Hard Times," Uriel H. Crocker announces that the views presented in his essay are new. They are, in fact, very old. His theory is merely a new version of the old notion, still popular with unthinking persons, that commercial crises and the consequent hard times are due to overproduction. His theory has been so often refuted that it is hardly necessary to dwell upon it now, especially as Mr. Crocker fails to bring any new argument to its support. That there may be overproduction in one or a few departments of industry, is obvious, but that is only because there is underproduction in some other departments. In other words, there may be, and often is, disproportionate production—too much of one thing and too little of another; but so long as human desires are unlimited there cannot be too much of all the good things of life. Mr. Crocker attempts to criticise Mill's views on commercial crises, but he will have to think deeper than he has done yet, even to understand

Mill, to say nothing of criticising him. (Little, Brown & Co.)—THE LATEST ISSUE in Prof. Ashley's series of Economic Classics is a reprint of Thomas Mun's treatise on "England's Treasure by Forraign Trade," which was first published in 1664. The work is given entire—a distinction which its importance in the history of economic thought certainly justifies, for, though the views it advocates are now justly regarded as false, they were for a long time the basis of the commercial policy of the European nations. Mun, indeed, is deemed by some writers the author of what has been known since Adam Smith's time as the mercantile system; and in any case he was one of its earliest and ablest advocates. The perusal of his work shows at a glance the gulf that separates the political economy of his day from that now prevalent, and suggests the reflection that our successors two centuries hence may find things in our economic policy as absurd as we now deem the mercantile system to be. (Macmillan & Co.)

NOW THAT FAST-DAY in Massachusetts is a thing of the past, while Thanksgiving Day has become national, the hour of embalming has come. With scholarly industry, the Rev. W. DeLoss Love, Jr., Ph. D., has compiled a volume of over 600 pages on "The Fast and Thanksgiving Days of New England," in which, after preliminary chapters on the holy seasons of the Church in old England, he shows how the Pilgrims kept the fast during their exile in Holland. Dr. Love, being an orthodox Congregationalist, is very careful to point out wherein the Pilgrims' jollifications or mournings on empty stomachs differed from the various observances of the Dutch. Then, outlining, from his special point of view, the experiences of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and the fastings, sermons and various sorts of humiliation in vogue among the Puritans, he branches out, and gives us lively pictures of Yankee mixtures of politics and religion. One of his historical essays deals with the development of the national Thanksgiving Day. Entertaining is his account of the old laws and customs, and of the part which the printers had in the making and issue of the Proclamation. The whole work is a scholarly reflection of the past, showing the rough road which the Fathers traveled, along which they foresaw, and we entered into, the ease and pleasantness of to-day. While the author is ultra-loyal to his Congregational and local training, he gives an appreciative and sympathetic chapter showing the Dutch thanksgiving and fasting customs in New Netherland, in which his accuracy is somewhat above the level thus far attained by writers from "down East." Nevertheless, he does not, in his chapter on the fasts of the exiles, seem to know that, during the ten years they spent in Leiden, the Pilgrims saw every year, and possibly took part in, the local Thanksgiving Day, celebrated in the great church of St. Peter and in the homes of the people, because of the deliverance of the city from the Spaniards. While we are glad that the author has attempted to make out 20 December, 1620, as the first Thanksgiving Day of New England, we can hardly pass the verdict of "proved" upon his conclusion. Barring these criticisms, the book is of real value in setting forth the process of evolution, whereby out of many and varied traditional local observances among differing nationalities has come forth our national Thanksgiving Day. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

FOLLOWING IN Capt. Mahan's footsteps, Hamilton Williams, instructor in English literature to the naval cadets aboard H. M. S. Britannia, has written a book on "Britain's Naval Power." He gives a brief history of the development of the British Navy from the earliest times to Trafalgar. The emphasis of the work is laid upon the slow and steady growth of what is not merely a mass of patent facts, but a subtle organism and a well-established institution. Going back to early days, we find the English Navy moving eastward to carry and assist the Crusaders. In his picturesque style, the author describes the battles which took place, especially in the English Channel, before the days when those picturesque pirates, Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher and Howard, carried England's flag to the ends of the earth and annihilated the Spanish Armada. Of course, Mr. Williams follows the English, not the Dutch, in telling the old yarn of Tromp's nailing a broom at his masthead as a sign that he had swept the seas, but on the whole he is fair and judicial-minded. One realizes from this work, as he cannot from any other with which we are acquainted, how steady and sure has been the evolution of the British Navy. Very properly, considerable space is allotted to Lord Nelson and his victory, and throughout it is shown how largely science and excellent seamanship have been blended with patriotism and en-

thusiasm. Nelson established a final supremacy of British seapower, and from that time forth it has been wrought into the British mind and conscience, that no effort can be too great, no sacrifice too heavy, to keep the British Navy in the perfection of its strength and efficiency. The very existence of Great Britain as a nation depends more now than it did in the days of Napoleon upon her "First Line of Defense." The book is an attractive literary picture of the slowly fashioned and majestic fabric of a millennium. We notice with pleasure that there is a good index. (Macmillan & Co.)

## Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

*A Versification Query.*—A librarian in an Illinois town sends me the following:—

"In the lines,

'Come, and take choice of all my library,  
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens  
Reveal the damned contriver of this deed.'

(Titus Andronicus, iv. 1. 34),

is it possible that the word 'library' was, in Shakespeare's time, still accented, French fashion, on the final syllable, as though written 'librairie?' This would make a perfect, or nearly perfect, iambic pentameter line in one of the most melodious passages in Shakespeare."

The verse does not require any variation from the ordinary pronunciation of *library*. Open Shakespeare or any other volume of poetry, and you will find trisyllables accented on the first syllable at the end of iambic lines, and elsewhere in the line, the sole condition being that the one accent in the word shall fall in an accented place in the measure. Mr. Craik remarks in his "English of Shakespeare":—"It is a universal law of English verse that any syllable whatever, falling in the place of the accent either immediately before or immediately after a foot of which one of the syllables is truly accented, will be accounted to be accented for the purposes of the verse. The *-my* of *enemy*, for instance, or the *in-* of *intercept*, is always so accented in heroic verse, in virtue of the true accent upon *en-* and *-cept*; but in dactylic or anapestic verse these syllables, although pronounced in precisely the same manner, are always held to be unaccented, the law of those kinds of verse not requiring another accent within the distance at which the *-my* stands removed from the *en-* or the *in-* from the *-cept*." I have never seen this law so well stated elsewhere; and in most of the treatises on metre it is not mentioned at all.

It follows, of course, that a ten-syllable iambic line may have only three, and sometimes only two accents, strictly so called; as, for instance, in this line from "Coriolanus" (iv. 6. 73):—"Than violentest contrariety"; or the more familiar one in "Macbeth" (ii. 2. 62):—"The multitudinous seas incarnadine." We may say, if we choose, that a "secondary accent" in these cases supplies the place of the "primary accent"; but, as Mr. Craik notes, we pronounce the word precisely as we do in a different kind of verse where the syllable falls in an unaccented place in the measure instead of an accented one.

*An Indiana Judge on the Authorship of Shakespeare.*—A correspondent in Indianapolis sends me a copy of the local *News*, containing a long report of an interview with the Hon. John H. Stotsenberg, who holds what is there supposed to be a "new" theory of the authorship of the Shakespeare plays. The judge, it appears, has been a believer in the Baconian theory, but now says:—"I have discarded that; I believe that the plays and sonnets of Shakespeare were written by several authors." This is the familiar old "editorial theory," so called, advocated by Mr. Appleton Morgan in his "Shakespearean Myth" (but afterwards given up by him) and by sundry other writers ten or more years ago, but little heard of nowadays.

The sonnets, according to Judge Stotsenberg, were written by Sir Philip Sidney; the plays by Fletcher, Dekker, Chettle, and others. He is writing a book on the subject, which, as the interviewer tells us, "will create not only a sensation, but also a storm from both the Baconian and Shakespearean quarters, each of whose pet theories his work will assail in logical and lawyer-like fashion."

"The Shakespearean" for June.—The second number of Mr. A. H. Wall's monthly magazine, published at Stratford-on-Avon, is even better than the first. The chapter of the new Life of Shakespeare deals with the "Shakespeares of Snitterfield," the grandparents of William, and gives graphic sketches of the rural



life of the time, with pleasant pictures of imaginary visits of the boy to Richard Shakespeare's home, which was within walking distance of Stratford. The papers on "Shakespearean Players" (Charlotte Cushman being still the theme) and "Shakespearean Comedy" are continued, with notes on the stage of to-day, proceedings of societies, and other entertaining matter. The magazine is cheap at six shillings, sixpence, a year. It is published at 5 Payton Street, Stratford-on-Avon.

"*Judith Shakespeare*" Dramatized.—Mr. Black's charming novel, "*Judith Shakespeare*," has been dramatized in England, and the play was to have been performed at the Memorial Theatre in Stratford during the birthday festivities in April; but, after being put upon the program, as first announced in the local journals, it was for some reason omitted. It is a one-act play, requiring only 45 minutes in action, and the *Stratford Herald* gives us this partial sketch of it:—

"The scene is laid in the garden of Grandam Hathaway's cottage (Ann Hathaway's, as we call it now) in Shottery. All the civilized world knows Ann Hathaway's cottage and garden. Well, Mr. Mann, the resourceful stage-carpenter of the Memorial Theatre, has got as near these as he can. But let our audience on Monday bear in mind that in 1611 things were not exactly as they are in 1895 in Shottery. I am sure they will generously help us with their imagination. One thing I can promise them, a real Warwickshire log. The seat on which Judith will sit as Orridge reads her father's words to her, is a real dead log from the poplar blown down on the night of March 24 upon the very shore of the Avon, to whose musical flow he sang. . . . When the play opens the stage is empty, and the time is early on an August morn of the year in which they say 'The Tempest' was written. Jack Orridge, a Londoner, and his actor-friend, Frank Evans, are here betimes. Frank is to help Jack in some harmless scheme in respect to Mistress Judith. To them enter Thomas Quiney, lover of Judith. Thereon rapier play on the part of the Londoner, and something of the bludgeon from Quiney, with little side dagger stabs from Frank. *Exeunt omnes*. Then enter Judith and her cousin, Willie Hart, and thereafter much torturing of Quiney by her Lady Wilfulness. And so on, to the return of Frank, disguised as an aged scholar, 'with a love-charm hidden away among his books,' and love pangs and joys growing out of that, with, as dark under-current, the actor's stealing of the sheets of Judith's father's play, the certainty of Judith and her lover that Orridge is the thief, and—but the end I will not tell."

*Recent Shakespeare Poetry*.—The Muses may still haunt the home of Shakespeare, but they do not seem to favor their modern devotees in the ancient town, if we may draw an inference from this "Sonnet to Shakespeare" by a new "Swan of Avon," one Robert Marsh:—

"All hail! to thee, my own loved Shakespeare,  
April alone could have ushered thee forth,  
The sweetest songster in the happy sphere  
Of poets, England's just glory and her worth.  
Thy youth amongst the gay lads and lasses  
Didst shine at Stratford, thy dear native town,  
And reaching again by happy passes  
From London the great seat of thy renown.  
O how must thy memory oft have furnished  
Thee with those early loves and pleasant ties?  
Those forms thy own magic pen has garnished,  
Those heroines that live before our eyes:  
In them we see thee as thou wast of yore,  
And shall do so till time shall be no more."

In a higher vein are these lines "For a Statue of Shakespeare," from Mr. William Ordway Partridge's "Song Life of a Sculptor," recently published in Boston:—

"Who models thee must be thy intimate—  
Nor place thee on a grand, uplifted base,  
Where tired eyes can hardly reach thy face,  
For others this might serve; thou art too great.  
Who sculptures thee must grasp thy human state,  
Thine all-embracing love must aim to trace,—  
Thy oneness with the lowliest of the race.  
"Until this sculptor comes, the world must wait;  
But when he comes, carving those deep-set eyes,  
'Neath brow o'erarching, like the heaven's high dome,  
The men will turn aside with glad surprise  
And say, slow-wending from their toil toward home,  
'I saw this Shakespeare in the street; he seem'd  
A man, like you and me, howe'er he dream'd."

This, by the way, is the conception of "Shakespeare the Man," and not merely the Poet, which Mr. Partridge endeavored to express in his statue for Lincoln Park, Chicago; and, to my thinking, he was more successful in putting it into marble than into verse.

## The Two Sir Walters

[The Sketch]

I.

THE prophet he of King Romance,  
He told the fame  
Of Knight who wielded sword and lance,  
Of courtly Dame.  
And through his pages often rang  
The rousing blast  
Of battle; for he mostly sang  
The storied past.

It was the age of Chivalry  
That won his praise;  
He loved the folk of high degree  
Of other days.  
Immortal he; an honorette  
Fell to his lot;  
They made the hero baronet—  
Sir Walter Scott.

II.

His burden is of London Town,  
And scarce its glories,  
The folk that ne'er achieve renown  
Create his stories.  
He paints the dirty, squalid east,  
Its crowded alleys;  
To tell us how their flocks are fleeced  
On sweaters' galleys.  
And ever from his pages rise  
The plaints of pity  
For those who live 'neath smoky skies  
In sordid city.  
It is his aim to seek to right  
The living Present.  
Had Chivalry so brave a Knight?—  
Sir Walter Besant.

J. M. B.

## The Lounger

THERE IS A CERTAIN Boston publisher, who has been on bad terms with himself for the past four or five years. The trouble came about in this way: A few years ago, an old school-fellow of his, a lady living in a New England village, wrote him a letter and told him that among the village girls was one who wrote stories, which, she thought, showed promise. She invited the publisher to pay her a visit, saying that she would ask the young girl to come in and show him her manuscripts. The publisher had heard this sort of thing before, as all publishers have, and did not think that there was much in it. It was sure to be the same old story—a sentimental girl with a taste for scribbling, and it would be embarrassing to have to tell her, as well as his friend, that the stories were not good. He was a busy man, with little time for visiting, so he wrote that he hoped to come some day, but could not say just when. Then he forgot all about it. A year or two later, he met his friend in Boston, and she reproached him for not having accepted her invitation. He began making excuses. "I regret it more on your account than my own," she said, "for the young woman of whose stories I wrote you has been to a New York publisher, who is going to publish a volume of her stories." "Indeed!" said the Boston publisher, "she is a fortunate young author. Her stories must be good. I regret that I did not accept your invitation." "You will regret it more when I tell you her name," said the lady, "perhaps you have seen it in *Harper's*: it is Mary Wilkins!" The publisher did not have to put his regret into words. The expression of his face betrayed his feelings plainly enough, and his friend had her triumph.

\* \* \*

WHILE THIS PUBLISHER may be blamed by the layman for not having packed his bag and gone at once to see his friend and read the manuscripts, those who are at all acquainted with the workings of a publishing-house know that not a day passes without some such letter being received by a publisher. Everyone he knows has some friend or acquaintance who writes prose or poetry, and experience has told him that not once in a thousand times does the novice amount to anything. It is well, however, for the publisher to inquire into every case, for, even though good writers are

scarce, they are worth searching for. There are few things more tiresome than the reading of manuscripts. The digging for gold, I dare say, is equally distasteful to the miner, but the joy of the reader who finds a Mary Wilkins is as great as that of the miner who strikes a new vein. I don't know who "discovered" Mrs. Graham, the author of "Stories of the Foot-Hills," but I can imagine his delight, if he took up the manuscript expecting nothing, and found such a gold mine.

THE GROWLING OF THE British author is heard above the roar of the Atlantic Ocean and fills our ears. Mr. Hall Caine, writing to the London *Chronicle*, said that "the authors who have the hearts of the public would have to do as Ruskin did—create new publishers,—or else attempt the perhaps not impossible task of doing without publishers altogether, and going direct to the bookseller." And "this," says Sir Walter Besant, "is what is whispered or spoken outright." I repeated this to an American publisher the other day, and he said that he heartily wished that the authors would try it, for he was convinced that they would soon see the fallacy of the plan and settle themselves down to enjoy the fruits of the publisher's labors in their behalf. An author cannot, in the nature of things, be an author and a publisher as well. If he is going to have his mind at ease to write, he cannot be keeping accounts and collecting monies from the four quarters of the globe. Quick sales and small profits is one of the mottoes of the tradesman; a dollar in the hand is worth two in the bush. The author gets his quarterly or semi-annual payments all in one check, without any of the wear and tear of collecting, and for this he must pay. The publishers of periodicals appreciate the advantage of doing business with one head, so they use the machinery of the American News Co. They know too well that it would not pay them to deal direct with the newsdealers. In the same way the authors would soon find out that it would pay them least of all to deal with the booksellers themselves. There are, I believe, over 10,000 booksellers in the United States. Is there any author who could spare the time from his writing to make out 10,000 bills and collect 10,000 accounts every quarter, or even every half year? Publishers may come high, but they have their uses.

IT IS BAD ENOUGH that such books as Marcel Prévost's "Les Demi-Vierges" and Grant Allen's "The Woman Who Did" should be published, but it is worse, I think, that they should be dramatized and played before an audience. The acting of such stories only accentuates their viciousness. M. Prévost's story is already being played in Paris; Mr. Allen's is being dramatized, I believe, but I doubt if the British censor of plays will permit its performance. Censors may be a nuisance, but then, so are some authors.

"THE PRINCESS OF ZENDA," I am told by one who has read the story in manuscript, is not a sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda." Mr. Hope will not have the sequel to his popular story ready before 1896, and it will not be published, I believe, before 1897.

NOT EVERYONE who has written of Japan has caught the spirit of the race so cleverly as it is captured in the "Japanese Sword-Song" in the June *Atlantic*. The author, Miss Mary Stockton Hunter of Philadelphia, has expressed certain traits of the Japanese spirit of fidelity and honor with much power, making effective use of the belief prevailing in Japan that some minds possess sentient powers, gained by being annealed in human blood. The poem was written several years ago. Its publication at the present time may be attributed largely to its "timeliness."

MR. MCCLURE CONTENTS that he can make as good a magazine for ten cents as can be made for thirty-five. This depends upon what you call "as good." I am sure that a very good magazine can be made for ten cents, but that it will be as good as the thirty-five cent one I cannot believe. Mr. McClure may say that it will be "good enough," but that is another question. It would be simply impossible for the now existing thirty-five cent periodicals to be sold for ten cents, for, the greater their circulation at that price, the greater would be their loss. There will always be a large audience for a thirty-five cent magazine, and a larger one, possibly, for the ten-cent periodical; but neither the audience nor the magazine will be the same.

## A Case of Unconscious Cerebration

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

As an instance of unconscious cerebration, the following experience is a curious one. I had for some time been planning a short essay on the fads of the day, having in mind the "Trilby" fad, the Napoleon fad, the bicycle fad and so forth. I intended to refer to the coming fad, which I ventured to prophesy would be that concerning Jeanne d'Arc. I therefore sat down one day with a clear conscience and wrote what I considered an original and telling article on the subject. It was brief and to the point, half serious and half jocose. The infectious spread of ideas which rage from time to time as mental epidemics was referred to as a new germ, an insidious species of *bacillus*, which the scientist of the future will be able to determine and limit by proper precautions, greatly to the benefit of public taste and mental well-being. This essay I sent to one of our best monthlies. On the following day I purchased the June *Harper's*, and, turning by chance to the Editor's Study, I read to my amazed chagrin what would seem to be a parody of my article, a rank plagiarism of my ideas. Mr. Warner thus begins his paragraph:—"No scientist has yet discovered the *bacillus* which causes the disease which we have called 'the yellows' in literature." Further on he referred incidentally, as I had done, to the "Trilby" craze. What could it mean? The *Harper's* had been upon the market before I had written my essay; consequently it would seem that I myself, and not Mr. Warner, was the plagiarist; but I was ready to take a very solemn oath that I had not seen or heard of his editorial. I ransacked my stock of theories to find one that would fit the case. Could one of my friends have read the Study's article and have impressed its thoughts upon my brain by a strangely vivid sort of telepathy? I knew of no friend who was in such close *rapport* with my literary consciousness.

Earnest pondering upon the subject at last furnished a possible clue. I was eager to read the serial on Jeanne d'Arc in the June *Harper's*, but had not seen the number until I purchased it, except for a moment in calling upon a friend, upon whose table it lay freshly cut. Being full of another subject which absorbed me at the time, I took up the magazine and turned its pages casually, with no other object than to discover how far the story of the Maid of Orleans had progressed in the narration. Immediately laying it down again, I returned to the former subject of conversation. Now, it is necessary to believe that, without the slightest consciousness of the fact, I had read enough of Mr. Warner's article to absorb its main idea at a glance, and later on to reproduce it in perfect honesty as my own. The mind in this case acted like a sensitive film exposed for an instant, and exactly photographing the objects before it. This instance furnishes another illustration of the rapidity with which ideas are disseminated and propagated on a soil prepared to receive them. Authors possessing original ideas may find it necessary to patent them. It has long since been known that it is not safe to give forth one's good things indiscriminately in conversation. There are undoubtedly literary coincidences which are incapable of explanation, and it is only the stern voice of commonsense which urges the present rationalistic conclusion; for I am still absolutely without the consciousness of having seen or read a word of the editorial in question, at the time when it is to be supposed that it made its impression upon my mind's eye. This statement is offered as a contribution of possible interest to the student of occult mental phenomena.

CONSTANCE GODDARD DUBOIS.

WATERBURY, CONN., 20 June, 1895.

## Altruistic Experimenters

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

The author of "An Experiment in Altruism" wishes to state that her book was not intended for a satire on College Settlement work. On the contrary, the work of the Settlement proper is treated with respect. The mythical "I" of the book, whose office is simply to receive impressions, is converted, in her visit to Barnet House, from scepticism to sympathy. It is not the Altruist but the Resident who is spokesman for the Settlement. He is endowed with all that a reformer should possess: sound economic training, human sympathy and a sense of humor. He is eager to learn from the life that surrounds him, while the Altruist wishes only to impart his own ideas. The Altruist does not represent the Settlement. He does not live at Barnet House. He is an outsider, incidentally sharing some of the work of the residents, but, on the whole, trying to save the world on his own responsibility.



His dogmatism, his asceticism, his attempt to help human lives by cutting himself off from all sources of knowledge concerning human life, are characteristics of the man, not of the Settlement idea. Nor is the strike the work of the residents at Barnett House. That is largely the contribution of the Anarchist to the solution of the social problem. Neither the Young Reformer, nor the Anarchist, nor the Altruist, represents in the author's mind the work done at Hull House and other Settlements. Has she failed to make the distinction clear?

ELIZABETH HASTINGS.

### London Letter

THE PRESENT WEEK has been one of cessations rather than of beginnings. There has been no very lively movement in the book-market, and the stage successes have been those of our visitors rather than of ourselves. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and Signora Duse are attracting their thousands to Daly's and Drury Lane; for the rest, the theatres have been undergoing change. To-night is the last night of "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," which has fared much below expectation. The secession of Mrs. Patrick Campbell to the Haymarket has been too much for the fortunes of the play, and to-morrow night Mr. John Hare will conclude his season with a performance of "A Pair of Spectacles" and "A Quiet Rubber." "The Ladies' Idol" has ceased at the Vaudeville, and on Thursday next Mr. Frederick Kerr will undertake a season there. His first adventure takes the form of a farce by Mr. Robert Buchanan and Mr. Charles Marlowe, "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown." The scene is laid for the greater part of the piece in the precincts of a girls' school, the boarders of which are to be played by a charming bevy of ladies, including Misses May Palfrey, Esmé Beringer, Daisy Brough, Ethel Watson and Grace Dudley. Miss M. A. Victor will appear as the Lady Principal, and the cast is completed by a strong body of comedians, Frederick Kerr, John Beauchamp, Lionel Brough and Gilbert Farquar. The thing promises fun, at any rate. The St. George's Hall is shortly to reopen, and the first piece will be from the pen of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who was, I believe, connected with Mrs. German Reed in the earliest successes secured under the old régime. There have been continual rumors to the effect that Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert were likely to be heard again in collaboration, but it is now declared "upon the best authority" that that desirable reconciliation is still improbable. Meanwhile Sir Arthur is busy upon the new opera, for which Mr. Pinero supplies the dialogue and Mr. Adrian Ross the lyrics. It is whispered that the piece is to be couched in a satirical vein and is directed against the now decadent movement in literature. At the same time, that the wit may steer clear of partisanship, the Philistine is to be touched no less by the light lash of satire. These things, however, are at present in the clouds.

There is to be a Home of Rest and Nursing for the overwrought actor. Yesterday afternoon saw its inauguration. A meeting was held at the Haymarket Theatre under the tactful supervision of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who occupied the chair, and the plan was set going with a will. The idea is to start a sort of private hospital in the country, and the probable expenses are estimated at 2,000*l.* This sum is pretty sure to be forthcoming, for yesterday afternoon no less than 500*l.* were collected upon the spot, together with promises of annual subscriptions to the amount of 100*l.* Major-Gen. Playfair gave 50*l.*, and Mr. Tree 20*l.* Many people spoke, including Mrs. Massingberd, founder of the Pioneer Club, and two hospital chaplains, who gave practical advice and warning for the future. The meeting eventually adjourned till November, by which time it is hoped enough will have been collected to justify the arrangement of details.

The complimentary dinner to Sir Walter Besant, to be given by the Society of Authors, is fixed for Wednesday, June 26, at 7.30. It will be held at the King's Hall of the Holborn Restaurant, and Sir W. Martin Conway, Chairman of the Society, and himself one of the new knights, will preside. It is expected that the gathering will be more than usually representative of the full strength of the Society. A very large number of authors who live in the country are just now up in town for the season, and they are safe to rally round the founder of their fortunes. For, after all, the welfare of the contemporary writer is principally due to Sir Walter Besant's altruism, and it should be the privilege and pleasure of all who have to do with literary production to assist his entertainment by their presence.

The morality of the interviewer has been often questioned, perhaps unfairly; but what is one to say of the morality of an inter-

viewer who evolves his interview, opinions and all, from his inner consciousness, and circulates the stuff in newspapers? To this sort of thing Dr. Max Nordau, the author of "Degeneration," has recently been subjected, chiefly, it appears, at the expense of American editors. A journalist approached Dr. Nordau with a view to eliciting his opinion upon a certain unsavory trial, and was met with a flat refusal. The Doctor, however, mentioned that one of the chapters of "Degeneration" cast a side-light upon the matter, and from these references the would-be interviewer appears to have evolved his imaginary conversation. Small wonder that Dr. Nordau is extremely indignant, and inclined to take a somewhat low view of the etiquette of English journalism.

The *Daily Telegraph* has anticipated the silly season by a "boom," which is filling its principal page with material, and has at the same time the advantage of issuing in action, a course not common to its sister-controversies. The ingenious editor has, in effect, started a National Shilling Testimonial to Mr. W. G. Grace, the world-famous cricketer, and in three days 15,314 shillings have poured in from every quarter. Princes, prelates, parsons, pressmen and private individuals are alike contributing their mites, and one hopeful correspondent has even suggested that the idea originated in the brain of the Prince of Wales. The letters make amusing reading. The Great Unprinted seize their opportunity. "The Constant Reader," the page-boy, the seamstress, the restaurant-waiter, "Materfamilias" and the fraternity of the composing-room,—every class flocks to the festival. And a good thing, too, if it all ends in a substantial sum for "W. G." For Mr. Grace has made, of his own hand, the present popularity of cricket: it was to see him, in the days of his mammoth scores, that people first flocked to the field in enormous numbers, and he is still, in an age of gate-money, the safest "draw" in Lillywhite's record. The man who is "best" at anything, be it the making of verse or the making of runs, deserves at least such recognition as a popular demonstration of this kind can secure, and the whole thing is worlds more wholesome than the average excitement of the hour. It remains, too, a clever *coup* of journalism, and is causing *The Daily Telegraph* to sell like wildfire.

St. Saviour's, Southwark, one of the most interesting of the many interesting churches in London, is just now undergoing repair, and the occasion is to serve for a somewhat richer memorial to one of the immortals who lie within its walls. Among those buried in the precincts are John Gower, John Fletcher and Philip Massinger, and it is this last that the Toynbee Elizabethan Society is desirous to honor. Its efforts have been supported by the aid of Sir Walter Besant, Henry James and Joseph Knight, and it is now proposed to dedicate to Massinger's memory one of the new stained-glass windows to be placed in the nave. It is possible that there may be readers of *The Critic* who will be glad to further the scheme. If so, their contributions will be gratefully received by the Rev. W. Thompson, D. D., at St. Saviour's Rectory, Southwark, London.

The novel "Almayer's Folly," to which I alluded in this column upon its first appearance, some weeks ago, has more than justified, by its reception, any hopes which were entertained in its favor by those who were among the earliest to appreciate its promise. On almost every side it has received kindly notice; indeed, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in *The Weekly Sun*, has almost overwhelmed it with eulogy, proclaiming its author, Mr. Joseph Conrad, as a literary jewel of the first water. This, one feels, is a little too generous, but there is no doubt that the book is making its way. Mr. Conrad has certainly begun his literary career with a remarkable success.

It is getting late in the publishing season now for any very important announcements, but a good deal of interest is sure to be aroused by the publication, during the next few days, of a volume of essays by Prof. Brander Matthews, which are to proceed from the house of Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. The subjects promised are of particular interest to English readers, since Prof. Matthews will deal with the dramatization of novels and with French dramatic criticism. There will be, also, personal articles upon Stevenson, Andrew Lang and Mark Twain. The book is safe to be widely read among Englishmen of the pen, and will, no doubt, be generally discussed at many a luncheon-table during the summer.

LONDON, 15 June, 1895.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE DEFOREST Prize speaking at Yale for a \$100 medal took place on June 21. Clement George Clarke, Manhattan, Kan., won the prize, with a speech on "The Religion of Milton and the Religion of George Herbert."

### Boston Letter

ONE OF THE MOST valuable books published in Boston has an edition of only a few hundred copies. The reason of its limited issue lies in the fact that it is published for the private libraries of the members of the Massachusetts Historical Society, being a printed report of the "Proceedings" of that organization. This Society includes the most prominent literary men of New England, and the papers printed in the volume are from leading men of the Commonwealth. In the number just from the press, for example, are addresses by Pres. Eliot of Harvard, Col. Henry Lee and Charles Francis Adams. Besides a poem in memoriam of the death of Oliver Wendell Holmes, by William Everett, there is a memoir of Edwin L. Bynner, by Barrett Wendell. There are printed, also, addresses "On the death of Robert C. Winthrop," by Mr. Adams, Col. Lee, the Rev. Lucius R. Paige, D.D. (the oldest member of the Society in point of election), and Dr. Samuel A. Green, who, with Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, shares the honor of being second in the list of seniority. The Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, whose connection with the Society stands next in order, dating from the beginning of the War, contributes, with others, to a memorial of the Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis, while other men of prominence have recorded their reminiscences of Judge E. Rockwood Hoar. Justin Winsor and Mellen Chamberlain, so well known in library circles, Edward L. Pierce, the biographer of Sumner, and Prof. W. W. Goodwin of Harvard, are among other contributors. Such a book, as can easily be seen, will be valuable in any library, as it records authoritative remarks, either concerning prominent people who have passed away, or about discoveries in historical lore. I will quote a little from the words about Dr. Holmes in this volume. Col. Lee's reminiscences are particularly interesting, because he knew the poet not only as a friend, but also as a kinsman. Referring particularly to Holmes's household relations, Col. Lee speaks of the many friendly discussions he and the Autocrat held, over which Mrs. Holmes practically presided as a court of appeal, saying that he echoes in this instance the remark an old gentleman made to him about Judge Charles Jackson, Mrs. Holmes's father. Whenever Judge Jackson, as referee, decided a case, said this gentleman, both parties were satisfied, such was their confidence in the judge's equity. The Autocrat was, most happy in his marriage, the family enjoying, though in greater fold, that same executive ability and impartial devotion which Mrs. Holmes manifested when at the head of the Boston Sanitary Commission during the Civil War. "Her delicate perceptions and quick sympathies," says Col. Lee, "made her a delightful companion and a competent critic of her husband's prose or poetry."

Allusion is made, also, to the fondness of both for children. In spite of partial blindness and increasing infirmities, husband and wife continued their daily walks to the end, and always when passing children would stop for a pleasant word or a caress for the little ones. For instance, when Dr. Holmes was accustomed to pass through Cambridge Street to the Medical School, years ago, if he met school children, he would stop to give them words to spell, laughing cheerily over their blunders and rewarding their successes with pennies. Friends in Boston always understood Dr. Holmes's little vanity. It was of an amiable and child-like kind, never disguised, never denied; but it was also never offensive, never malignant. A very apt illustration of this point is made by Col. Lee when he says:—"Had he visited Rotten Row and gazed on the well-born, well-dressed and well-mounted equestrians, he would have exulted over their bright array, and not have growled out, as did Carlyle, 'there is not one of them can do what I can do'; he would not, like Moore, have abused his honest and generous publisher, nor would he, like him, upon the loss of a child, have lain abed to revel in his grief, leaving his 'dear Bessie,' as he called his wife, to perform the last sad offices." In another allusion to this point, Col. Lee makes reference to an author whom he leaves anonymous. The sentence runs in this way:—"He would not—as did one author with whom I had formerly lived on terms of equality, but who afterwards acquired fame and riches—have called upon me to mark him extraordinary, not in the rule of common men, by cutting off the coupons from his goodly pile of bonds, a service not rendered to his 4000 fellow-customers."

President Eliot gives in this volume a very interesting illustration of Dr. Holmes's progressive nature. The Autocrat was more than sixty years of age, and had been a professor in the Medical School for twenty-four years, when certain important changes were made in the School. It might naturally be supposed that his ideas regarding his own teaching and the policy of the Medical

Faculty would then have been fixed beyond possibility of change, and for several months he did vote on the conservative side; but all this time his mind remained open, and as the advocates of a fundamental change of policy put forth their convincing arguments with accumulating force, his emphasis and ardor on the opposite side gradually diminished. Finally, he completely turned about, and with the adoption of the new policy, which was to cause deep and lasting changes in his daily work, and in the School, became a convinced and unwavering supporter of the new system, and ever after took a lively interest in its development.

The salary of the Postmistress at Auburndale, a little suburb of Boston, was \$1700 last year. For the coming year it will be \$2400, an increase more than twice as large as that of any other post-office in Massachusetts. The reason of this change is unique. Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, the well-known poet and author, is the Postmistress, and the increase comes as the result of a little episode which I mentioned in a letter last year. Soon after Miss Guiney was appointed by President Cleveland to this position, it was noticed that there was a decrease in the sale of stamps at the Auburndale office, and, as the salary of the official depends upon the amount sold, this matter became rather serious. Some said it was due to religion, Miss Guiney being a Roman Catholic, and the A. P. A. movement then at its height; and also that a large colony of retired missionaries in Auburndale were living up to their convictions by a pecuniary boycott. Whether this was so or not, I do not know. I simply give it as report. But whether it is true or not, the gossip that went around resulted greatly to Miss Guiney's advantage, for orders for stamps came in from all over the world; some from friends and some from those who simply knew the author through her works. From Maine to Texas the money poured in, and the gross receipts of about \$6000 leaped to \$16,000. Miss Guiney is at present in Europe. I notice, by the way, on the passenger list of the *Scythia*, which sailed last Saturday, that Mr. Vivian Burnett (Little Lord Fauntleroy that was) is on his way to Liverpool.

Tufts College has taken the lead in conferring an honorary degree upon an actor. At the Commencement, a few days ago, Otis Skinner was awarded an A. M. Mr. Skinner, I may add, is the son of a prominent Universalist clergyman who resides close by the College, which institution, as is well known, is Universalist in its tendencies. I do not, however, think that the relationship entered very deeply into the matter, but rather that Mr. Skinner's address before students of the College convinced the Faculty that he was well worthy of the honor. At Brown, Julia J. Irving, President of Wellesley College, and William Winter received the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters; and to Jules Jordan, the well-known musician of Providence, formerly of Boston, was awarded the degree of Doctor of Music.

BOSTON, 25 June, 1895.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

### Chicago Letter.

THE LATEST BOOK to issue from the publishing-house of Stone & Kimball will appeal to the perennial child that exists in each one of us. It may hide away in corners, or lurk guiltily behind a stern exterior, but sooner or later it is certain to discover itself, and startle its possessor. No one who can enjoy this book, and I trust there are few who cannot, has quite lost touch with that radiant period which Mr. Kenneth Grahame calls "The Golden Age." The witchery of his apparently careless sketches lies partly in the fact that they run the gamut of the years, and combine in some measure the clear-sightedness of age with the imagination of youth. They are like some of Stevenson's essays and poems in their sympathy with the pleasures of childhood. Mr. Grahame not only understands children, but he takes their point of view; he identifies himself absolutely with them. And this without any affectation of using their words and adopting what would be to him a false simplicity of language. It is interesting to see how completely the attitude of childhood toward the world may be presented in this way. To that part of humanity, he says, "the inhabited world is composed of two main divisions: children and upgrown people; the latter being in no way superior to the former—only hopelessly different." And in the prologue he writes:—"It was incessant matter for amazement how these Olympians would talk over our heads of this or the other social or political inanity, under the delusion that these pale phantasms of reality were among the importances of life. We *illuminati*, eating silently, our heads full of plans and conspiracies, could have told them what real life was." To Mr. Grahame, the most delightful quality of the child is its imagination; he enters with enthusiasm



into its theories and beliefs, its conspiracies and battles and daring raids. To him, as to the child itself, "there are higher things than truth." And herein he differs from most of us Olympians; for, as his delightfully boyish boy asserts, "as a rule, indeed, grown-up people are fairly correct on matters of fact; it is in the higher gift of imagination that they are so sadly to seek." There is a strange and fascinating mixture of innocence and wisdom in these graceful sketches, so deft and artistic, that they are a rare delight. Every one of them is charming, but the jewel of the collection is "The Roman Road," delicate as an orchid, and as full of subtle suggestion of the beauty and pain of the world.

Of all the scattered Chicago writers, Mr. Hamlin Garland is doing perhaps the most serious work. He has written more than a third of a new novel, his first long one; and his interest in it is absorbing. The title which clings to it at present is "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly: an Interior History," but it may be changed before the story is finished. "Coolly" is a common Western term for a kind of small valley. Mr. Garland's Rose is a country girl, who imbibes enough of the new ambition to work her way through the University of Wisconsin. Returning after her course is finished, she finds that her father, with unconscious shrewdness, has tried in every way to bind her to the home. He has built a new house in the hope that she will furnish and beautify it, and has made many plans of which she is a necessary factor. Here begins the conflict between two opposing duties, between the new life and the old. But Mr. Garland is avowedly an individualist, and makes his heroine break away from her old environment in the desire for self-realization and development. She goes to Chicago for study and work, and Mr. Garland writes that he is "trying to be patient while Rose makes up her mind what to do." The problems which she faces in her struggle for existence will be interesting ones to solve. After all, comparatively little has been written of the difficulties which confront women in their new attitude towards the world—difficulties all the more serious because of their inexperience and the imperfect adjustment of men of affairs and the business world itself towards this new departure. If Mr. Garland can let in some light upon the situation, pathetic in spite of the prevalent vigor and hopefulness, his will be fruitful work.

Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat, owner of the *Times-Herald*, is the first man to make practical use of the telautograph for newspaper work. In last Friday's issue of that paper, eight messages from citizens and statesmen attending the Cleveland Convention were printed in facsimile. They had been written in Cleveland the night before, and were sent over the wires in the original handwriting. As reproduced in the *Herald*, these autographs differed widely one from another, and bore all the marks of being ordinary letters. This is the most important test of the instrument that has ever been made, though two months ago it had a very successful trial on a private wire between London and Paris, a distance of 311 miles; the space covered last week was more than a hundred miles longer. The wire used was one of those belonging to the Postal Telegraph Co., and was strung upon poles which held many other wires also. A sketch of Prof. Gray, which was not without character, was forwarded and reproduced in the same way. The trial seems to be significant of great achievements for this new invention; it indicates its scope and importance and the lines upon which it will probably be improved and perfected. It is the invention of Prof. Elisha Gray of this city, who has made many discoveries in electrical science. It was he who filed a caveat describing the speaking telephone in the Patent-Office, three weeks only after Bell had made his application. Though Bell was successful in the fight which followed, Prof. Gray afterwards made important improvements in the telephone. The law-suits that resulted from them were compromised at last; and the American Telephone Co., with which Prof. Gray was connected, was absorbed by the Bell. In 1888 the first patent for the telautograph was obtained, and since that time Prof. Gray has been occupied in his laboratory at Highland Park in completing and perfecting the instrument.

Dr. Harper, President of the University of Chicago, has just made an arrangement whereby high-school graduates will be admitted to the University without further examination. The questions and examination papers are to be subject to inspection by the officers of the University, who may throw out any set of papers they object to. But, in spite of this restriction, the concession seems to be a descent from the high standard of admission formerly adopted. It places the College in a rank below that of Harvard and Yale, which are now, I believe, the only universities that refuse thus to lower their standard. And that atmosphere of uncompromising scholarship is needed in the West.

CHICAGO, 25 June, 1895.

LUCY MONROE.

## Miss Wilkins a Prize-Winner

IN *The Critic* of Dec. 22 last appeared an advertisement that attracted more than usual attention, for, instead of offering something for sale, as advertisements generally do, it was an offer to buy. The offer was such a big one that hundreds of *The Critic's* readers rushed in with their wares, eager to sell to this generous buyer. The offer was of a first prize of \$2000, for a story that must not be shorter than 2000 words nor longer than 6000, and of \$500 for a second best. All stories to enter the competition were



From Authors' Portrait Catalogue. Copyright, 1895, by Harper & Brothers.

to be sent to the Bachelier Syndicate by May, 1895, but hundreds (there were 3000 in all) were sent in by April 1, and came from all quarters of the globe. The names did not accompany the MSS. but were contained in sealed envelopes. Mr. Bachelier and his staff sifted over the 3000 stories and selected a possible fifty. Then Mr. John H. Boner read these fifty and selected a possible thirteen, which were handed over to Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie of *The Outlook*, for final decision. Mr. Mabie read the thirteen manuscripts that fell to his share with the sensations of a Columbus and a Jack Ketch combined. He did his duty manfully, as all who know him knew that he would, and this is the letter he wrote to Messrs. Bachelier, Johnson & Bachelier:—

"June 8, 1895.

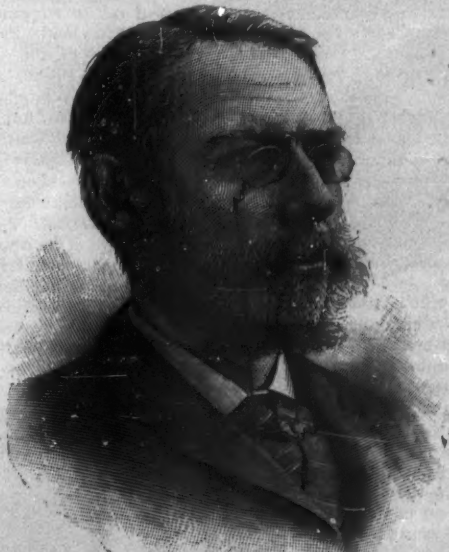
"GENTLEMEN:

I have read the stories submitted to me in type-written manuscript with special regard to dramatic interest, inventiveness, novelty and simplicity and directness of style. In my judgment the story which combines these qualities in the highest degree is that entitled 'The Long Arm.' Next in order of excellence I should place that entitled 'The Twinkling of an Eye.'

"Yours very truly,

"HAMILTON W. MABIE."

When the sealed envelopes were opened it was discovered that "The Long Arm," which won the \$2000, was by Mary Wilkins, and "The Twinkling of an Eye," which won the \$500, was by Prof. Brander Matthews. Miss Wilkins's story, which, being a



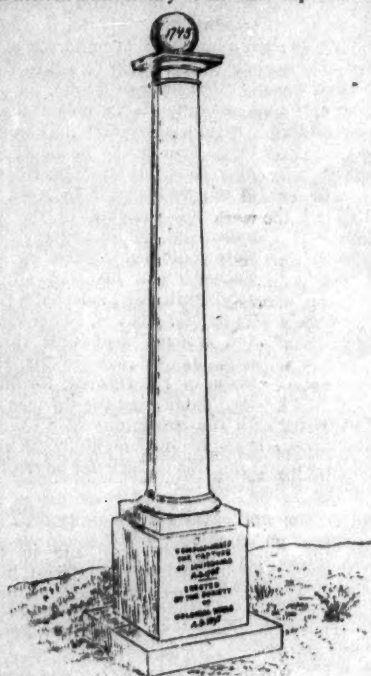
From Harper's Weekly.

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detective story, is in quite a new vein for her, was written in collaboration with Mr. Joseph Edgar Chamberlin of the editorial staff of *The Youth's Companion*. The result of this contest goes to prove what publishers and editors have repeatedly said and been reviled for saying, that there is not one chance in ten hundred of an untrained writer's being the author of a story that is worth printing. The Bachelier syndicate contest was open to all, known and unknown, and the result is that the winner of the biggest prize is not only one of the most widely known American story-writers, but one whom many good judges consider the best.

## The Conquest of Cape Breton

ON JUNE 17, the Society of Colonial Wars celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the first capture of Louisbourg.



Louisbourg Memorial, erected by the Society of Colonial Wars.



perrell, who commanded the Colonial land forces, and of Sir Peter Warren, who commanded the fleet, with two medallions, one of which bears the head of an Indian, the other the full-length

figure of a Colonial soldier. The inscription takes the form of a border. The reverse is a reproduction of the medal struck by order of Louis XV. to commemorate the building of the fortress in 1720. The medal measures two inches in diameter, and gains in value from the fact that, the supply of metal in the recovered cannon being very small, only a limited number could be struck off. One of the medals will be presented to Grover Cleveland, President of the United States; one to the Queen of England (which Mr. Pell will present to Her Majesty in person); and one to the Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada. These three will be enclosed in suitable cases, with the names and titles stamped upon them in gold letters.

An appropriate souvenir of the memorable occasion is the medal, designed, according to suggestions of Mr. Howland Pell, the Chairman of the Celebration Committee, by Mr. James H. Whitehouse of Tiffany & Co., and struck by that firm from the metal of the old brass cannon found by divers on a French frigate, said to be *Le Célèbre*, in the harbor of Louisbourg. The obverse of this medal consists of the heads of Sir William Pepperell, who commanded the Colonial land forces, and of Sir Peter Warren, who commanded the fleet, with two medallions, one of which bears the head of an Indian, the other the full-length

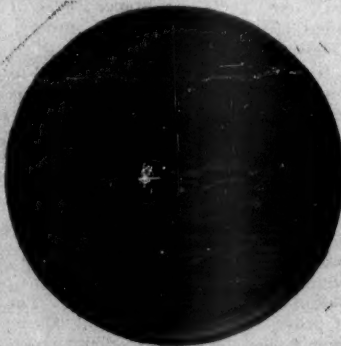


figure of a Colonial soldier. The inscription takes the form of a border. The reverse is a reproduction of the medal struck by order of Louis XV. to commemorate the building of the fortress in 1720. The medal measures two inches in diameter, and gains in value from the fact that, the supply of metal in the recovered cannon being very small, only a limited number could be struck off. One of the medals will be presented to Grover Cleveland, President of the United States; one to the Queen of England (which Mr. Pell will present to Her Majesty in person); and one to the Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada. These three will be enclosed in suitable cases, with the names and titles stamped upon them in gold letters.

Another appropriate souvenir of the day is a reprint, in facsimile of the account of "The Conquest of Cape Breton," dated Whitehall, July 23, 1745, that appeared in *The London Magazine and Monthly Chronicle*, "Printed for T. Astley, at the Rose in Pater-Noster-Row." This account included an essay on "The IMPORTANCE of CAPE BRETON to the British Nation. Humbly represented by Robert Auchmuty, Judge of his Majesty's Court of Vice-Admiralty for the Provinces of Massachusetts Bay and New Hampshire, in New England"; a reprint, from *The Westminster Journal* of Aug. 3, of "Reflections occasion'd by the late Conquest of CAPE BRETON"; and a plan of Cape Breton. The colophon of this handsome pamphlet, which has been issued in a small limited edition, reads:—"With the compliments of Dr. Charles Samuel Ward. Cape Breton, June 17, 1895."

The accompanying illustration of the monument is from D. Appleton & Co.'s "Canadian Guide-Book."

## Some Letters to Mr. J. R. Osgood

WE HAVE RECEIVED from Mr. George D. Smith of this city a neatly printed catalogue containing a selection from the literary correspondence of the late James R. Osgood, the well-known publisher. In this lot we find a most interesting letter concerning "The Ring and the Book," written by Robert Browning to Fields, Osgood & Co., from France, Sept. 2, 1868:—

"GENTLEMEN: I have just received your letter of the 8th ult.—any delay in replying to it must be attributed to my absence from England. I am very sorry that you find the arrangements of my publishers inconsistent with such as you wished to make, and that you break our bargain in consequence; so, let it be broken by all means! No doubt my first notion was to print the poem in two volumes; but the publisher, on reading the MS., thought so well of the thing as to believe it would bear, indeed be advantaged by, printing in four volumes, one a month. I rather thought of proposing, with his leave, to send you *two* volumes at once (they are here in type), but I like just as well making no further appeal to a liberality which has been munificent indeed, and would make my acceptance of your new offer of £50 for my twenty thousand lines altogether inexcusable.

If I may express a hope, in parting company, it will be that, suppose I find another American publisher disposed to take what you refuse, you will remember all the drawbacks and difficulties and not determine upon printing my poem after all—and in spite of them—but that would give too ugly a look to the rupture of our bargain, and I only mention it because pen is in hand and paper to spare and I may not so soon have an opportunity of assuring you that I am, gentlemen,

"Yours very faithfully,

"ROBERT BROWNING.

"I am concerned to hear of Mr. Fields's indisposition; pray give him my sympathy and best wishes."

Then there is a letter written by Mr. William Black, in which he says:—"If you were consulting a lawyer in New York (about a charge of blackmail), what sort of lawyer? A surrogate? And do you call him Mr. Surrogate So-and-So, as we say Mr. Justice Smith? Finally, do you cuss and damn much when people ask you questions?"

A letter from Charles Dickens, which Mr. Smith labels "magnificent" and wants \$30 for, refers to some criticism made by Miss Kate Field upon his readings. It is dated Buffalo, N. Y., March 11, 1868:—

"MY DEAR OSGOOD: I find your letter here this afternoon containing Miss Field's heads of inquiry. No English publisher would purchase advance sheets of a second edition, however revised and enlarged. The points on which I think Miss Field a little wrong are points requiring study and experience to rate at their proper value. I will hint at them very generally.

"As I have to make the characters stand out prominently and separately, and as *they are not* before the audience, and as *I am*, what I have to do in the level reading is to suppress myself as much as possible. If I were to express myself with the force and individuality I should throw into a speech, does she not see that I must subtract so much from the characters? Concerning omitted portions of the text, can she imagine it possible that they are half so dear to any one as to me? And does she not see that such omissions are concessions to the inexorable claims of Time; the limit being two hours? The point of Steerforth's difference of manner in addressing Mr. Peggotty and in addressing Ham is the point of all others that is seized by the two best audiences I know—Paris and Edinburgh. Is she quite sure, sitting in the first, second, or third row, that she does not take such a thing from her own little point of observation, and that she makes artistic allowances enough for what it is to be when it reaches the end of the caravan in a great desert like the Steinway Hall?

In haste, faithfully yours,

J. R. OSGOOD, Esq.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Scraps from letters written by Mr. Andrew Lang are given, in which we find traces of his gentle wit. In one he writes:—"Some



of 'those about Messrs. Harpers' ask me to write a preface to some translations by a Mrs. Merrill. The odds are that the translations are no better than ladies' work usually is—and as I could not say so in a preface, I am writing to decline."

Lord Lytton, "Owen Meredith," writes offering the advance-sheets of "a story in blank-verse of a somewhat fantastic character," for which he wants 200*l.* or nothing. He took the latter and kept the sheets. Among the letters catalogued as having been written to Mr. Osgood is one from Prof. Brander Matthews, relating to "His Father's Son," his unpublished novel, and dated 14 April, 1895. We think that there must be some mistake. Prof. Matthews is too well informed in such matters to write to a publisher several years after his death.

## The Fine Arts

### The American Educational Art Institute

THE CERTIFICATE of incorporation of this Institute was approved by Judge Patterson of the Supreme Court on June 22. The outcome of a meeting held in this city in April, and especially of the untiring labors of Miss Matilda Smedley, this corporation has for its object the establishment and maintenance in Paris of an institution for the culture and promotion of art among American women. The building, which will be near the Arc de Triomphe, will contain 100 rooms, including lecture and class rooms; the charges will be five francs per day, this sum including tuition as well as board, etc. The required capital of \$250,000 has been nearly raised, and the rest will be secured by the issue of bonds. It is expected that the building will be ready for occupancy in the spring. In speaking of the undertaking to a *Tribune* reporter, Miss Smedley said:—"We do not wish to encourage girls to enter upon a career so arduous and precarious without a reasonable prospect of success. None will be admitted to the Institute who do not bring evidence of ability, both mental and physical, to warrant their undertaking such serious studies, and, for the protection of teachers in America and students abroad, applicants will be admitted only when indorsed by American schools and professors of recognized standing. Those having received scholarships will be assigned to such schools, colleges or art institutes as shall fill the requirements of the Institute. During the summer holidays sketching and travelling parties will be formed, conducted by competent chaperones, and during these months the Institute will be open to the American teachers and students who wish to avail themselves of its advantages temporarily. It should be clearly understood that the Institute is for the benefit of the earnest and faithful student, who will receive the advantages of a cheerful and well-appointed home. It has been found that girls studying in Paris are likely to suffer quite as much from their lack of knowledge of their environments and lack of personal comfort as from lack of means. The Institute will be on a liberal and non-sectarian basis."

Those interested in the Institute, including incorporators, trustees and subscribers, are Frederic R. Coudert, E. Ellery Anderson, William G. Choate, Thomas Hunter, Edward Mitchell, John F. Dillon, John B. Crimmins, J. Frederick Pierson, Edward Walpole Warren, Henry Daur, Candace Wheeler, Helena De Kay Gilder, Mariana G. Van Rensselaer, Mary L. Choate, Caroline de Forest, Mary E. Callender, Henry Herschel Adams of Greenwich, Conn., Joshua L. Chamberlain of Brunswick, Me., Seth Low, Chauncey M. Depew, Col. Frederick D. Grant, General Alexander S. Webb, the Rev. Dr. David H. Greer, Archbishop Corrigan, Vicar-General Farley, Henry G. Marquand, Louis C. Tiffany, W. H. Beard, the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Hoffman, the Rev. Dr. David G. Burrell, Emily James Smith, Dean of Barnard College, Prof. Van Ingen of Vassar, Joseph J. Little, Walter Damrosch, Buchanan Winthrop, Thomas W. Wood, Stewart L. Woodford, Carroll Beckwith, William M. Chase, Prof. Ware of Columbia, Richard Watson Gilder, D. F. Appleton, the Art Student's League, and the following Parisians and Americans living in Paris:—Mme. Marchesi, Mrs. Walden Pell, M. Allouard, Mme. Pauline Viardot, Jules Simon, Frederic Passy, Charles Rickett, Mme. Camille Flammarion, G. Bonet Maurs, Paul Regnion, Léon Bouquier, United States Ambassador Eustis, Léon Clery and Baron Hottinguer.

### Art Notes

ALEXANDER HARRISON'S "Moonlight Scene," exhibited at this year's Champ de Mars Salon, has been purchased by the Park Commission of Philadelphia for the Wilson collection, Fairmount Park.

—James Renwick, the well-known architect, died in this city on June 23. Among the buildings for which he drew the plans

are St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Fifth Avenue; Grace Church, in Broadway; Calvary Church, in Fourth Avenue; and the Corcoran Art Gallery and the Smithsonian Institute, in Washington.

## Notes

THE ROWFANT CLUB of Cleveland, Ohio, has now in the press a volume of prose, selected from the writings of the late Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson. The book will be printed at the De Vinne Press, on Japanese vellum, and from an entirely new font of French capitals. This type, it is believed, is here employed for the first time. The title-page has been designed by Mr. E. H. Garrett, and contains an etched vignette. The same artist contributes an etched head-piece and an etched tail-piece. An introduction for the work has been written by Mr. Austin Dobson. There will also be inserted a prefatory poem by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, dedicated by him to Mr. Locker in 1886, but here appearing in print for the first time, and thus giving to this volume a unique interest. The edition will be limited to 113 copies. The author's famous library at Rowfant is kept in a room which is practically a huge safe. The collection is almost unique, in that nearly all the books are perfect copies, the Rowfant copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare, for instance, being one of the finest known. Of late years Mr. Locker had given much attention to the gathering of a French library.

—The new volume of the Zeit-Geist Library will be "A Comedy of Spasms," by the author of "A Yellow Aster, which was a tragedy in spasms.

—Macmillan & Co. will have ready in July an edition of "Sonya Kovalévsky," which is said to differ in certain material points from the Century Co.'s edition. The same firm announces "A Modern Man," by Miss Ella McMahon, in the Iris Library. The name of this author is new to the American reader, but in England her recent story, "The New Note," went through four editions in as many weeks.

—Macmillan & Co. will publish during the summer a book by Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr, "The Flower of England's Face," a collection of papers describing her wanderings through unfrequented spots in England, Scotland and Wales. Several of these papers appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*. They announce, also, the eleventh edition of Kidd's "Social Evolution," in paper covers, with an entirely new introduction, not to be found in any previous edition.

—Mr. James Locke of Buffalo, now an assistant professor at Heidelberg, has translated Prof. N. Menshutkin's "Analytical Chemistry" under the author's supervision. Macmillan & Co. will publish it at once.

—Brentano's are about to publish a "Trilby Calendar," consisting of twelve leaves, 10 x 12 inches, each containing an illustration from "Trilby," with the accompanying text of the story. The ornamental border designs will be by Scotson Clark, and there will be appropriate verses, referring to "Trilby" and the seasons, by Mrs. C. A. Doremus, the author of Rosina Vokes's "Circus Rider." The same house announces for publication, on July 1, a translation of Gyp's "Le Mariage de Chiffon," by Henri Pène du Bois, under the title of "A Gallic Girl." This volume will be the first of a series to be entitled The Modern Life Library, edited by Mr. du Bois. Among early books announced in this new series are Anatole France's "Le Lys Rouge," Raffaele d'Annunzio's "Episcopo & Cie," and "Enfant de Volupté" and Franzos's "Judith Trachtenberg."

—D. Appleton & Co.'s *Monthly Bulletin* contains portraits of some of their authors, among them being S. R. Crockett, John Oliver Hobbes, A. Conan Doyle, Anthony Hope, Hall Caine, Rudyard Kipling, Joel Chandler Harris, Edward Eggleston, Gilbert Parker and John Jacob Astor.

—"The Book of the Hills" will be the title of the Rev. O. C. Auringer's next volume of poems.

—Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Pa., announce the following volumes, which will constitute the Chautauqua course of reading for the American year, 1895-6:—"The Growth of the American Nation," by Prof. H. P. Judson of the University of Chicago; "The Industrial Evolution of the United States," by the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor; "Initial Studies in American Letters," by Prof. Henry A. Beers of Yale; "Some First Steps in Human Progress," by Prof. Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago; "Thinking, Feeling, Doing," a Popular Psychology, by Prof. E. W. Scripture, Director of the Psychological Laboratory in Yale.

—Ginn & Co. will publish in July "Responsive Readings: Selected from the Bible and Arranged under Subjects for Use in Common Worship," by Henry van Dyke, D. D. This book was originally prepared by request for the Chapel of Harvard University, where it is now in use. It has been carefully revised and enlarged.

—The copyright on the books of Asa Gray, the celebrated botanist, yielded \$3067.44 last year. The popularity of his works has increased since his death, in 1888.

—Fords, Howard & Hulbert announce "Game Birds at Home," by Theodore S. van Dyke; and new editions of Major George F. Williams's story of the Civil War, "Bullet and Shell"; Bryant's "New Library of Poetry and Song"; and the Rev. William Pittenger's "Interwoven Gospel and Gospel Harmony."

—Mr. Owen Wister has in mind the writing of a novel. It is, he says, to be "a serial on 'The Bannocks,' taking in their wars, on the borders of Idaho, Oregon and Washington. The scene will be largely laid at Oyhee and Malheur. There is a great fund of fact, romance and detail of various sorts in the subject. To me the Bannocks seem very interesting."

—The New York Free Circulating Library for the Blind, which was recently incorporated, will be installed in the Robert Bruce memorial branch of the New York Free Library, at Ninth Avenue and 42nd Street, early this fall. This arrangement will enable the Trustees of the new undertaking to use all funds contributed thus far for the purchase of books. The charitable, we doubt not, will soon provide the \$500 still lacking for this purpose. Contributions may be sent to Mrs. Clara Williams, 121 West 86th Street.

—The July *Century* will contain a little speech by Webster never before published, and probably not delivered. It is in his manuscript and consists of "Notes and Memoranda for a Speech on my Resolutions," the resolutions being his demand for information from the Government regarding the treatment of the United States by Napoleon, which led to the friction between this country and France in 1813.

—Lord Rosebery's mother, the Duchess of Cleveland, is writing the life of Lady Hester Stanhope, that very eccentric English woman, who turned Arab, lived in the desert, and did all sorts of strange and unaccountable things.

—According to the Worcester *Spy*, Clovernook, the home of Alice and Phoebe Cary, near Cincinnati, has been purchased by their lifelong friend, Mrs. M. Louise Thomas, whose son married the oldest of the Cary sisters. It is intended to preserve it in the family as a Cary memorial. Mrs. Thomas will restore Clovernook by placing in it her century-old mahogany furniture, blue china, books and Revolutionary relics. The place at present contains twenty-six acres, with a good brick house and new barn upon it, the original frame building in which the poet sisters were born having been sold some years ago and removed to Mount Healthy, a mile north.

—Brown University has conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters upon Mr. William Winter.

—Mr. J. M. Barrie is at present in London, taking notes for his new story, "Sentimental Tommy," which will deal with the life of a poor boy in a great city. He hates chairs, it is said, and his favorite attitude is reclining on the rugs before the fire, where he smokes, with his St. Bernard dog beside him.

—Jules Lemaitre has been elected as a member of the Académie Française, to succeed the late Victor Duruy. Zola received one

vote. Lemaitre is best known as the dramatic critic of the *Journal des Débats*. Among his works are "Les Rois," a novel of the royalty of the future, and "La Révoltée," a rather successful play.

—Mrs. Mary Wood Williams has given to Johns Hopkins a sum sufficient to establish a lectureship in commemoration of her husband, the late Prof. George Huntington Williams, and the Trustees of the University have invited as the first lecturer Sir Archibald Geikie. A portrait of Prof. Williams has been presented to the University by a Memorial Committee representing his former students.

—King Humbert has made Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson a Knight of the Crown of Italy.

—In a recent interview, Zola has given this account of his methods of work:—"When I was a poor clerk and worked all day, I had only the night left for writing. So strong a hold did this habit take of me, that, later on, when I had leisure to work in the daytime, I was compelled to close the shutters and light the lamps to cheat myself into the belief that it was night and the proper time for work, else my inspiration deserted me! I now work three hours every morning regularly, and I would not be interrupted even if my house fell about my ears. Try it yourself. Work regularly for one hour every day, and you will be astonished at the quantity of labor you will have got through in a year."

—Mr. Rudyard Kipling's latest bit of verse is his "Song of the Banjo," in *The New Review*:—


"You couldn't pack a Broadwood half a mile,  
You mustn't leave a fiddle in the damp—  
You couldn't raft an organ up the Nile,  
And play it in an Equatorial swamp.  
I travel with the cooking-pots and pails—  
I'm sandwiched 'tween the coffee and the pork," etc.

The ballad is finished in true Kipling style with this rousing stanza:—

"In the silence of the camp before the fight,  
When it's good to make your will and say your prayer,  
You can hear the strumpty-trumpty overnight  
Explaining ten to one was always fair.  
I'm the prophet of the Utterly Absurd,  
Of the Patently Impossible and Vain,  
And when the Thing that Couldn't has occurred,  
Give me time to change my leg and go again.  
With my 'Thumpa-tumpa-tumpa-tum-pa tump'  
In the desert where the dung-fed camp-smoke curled,  
There was never voice before us till I led our lonely chorus,  
I—the war-drum of the English round the world!"

## Publications Received

- |  |                                  |
|--|----------------------------------|
| Abbot, W. J. Carter Henry Harrison, \$2.50.                      | Dodd, Mead & Co.                 |
| Allen, Grant. Michael's Crag.                                    | Rand, McNally & Co.              |
| Balsac, H. de. The Wild Ass's Skin. Tr. by Ellen Marriage.       | \$1.50.                          |
| Beasant, W. In Deacon's Orders, and Other Stories.               | Macmillan & Co.                  |
| Bigelow, E. Diplomatic Disenchantments. \$1.25.                  | Harper & Bros.                   |
| Biological Lectures.   | Harper & Bros.                   |
| Cathedrals of England and Wales, The. 31. 132. 6d.; 41. 4s.      | Ginn & Co.                       |
| Duologues from Jane Austen's Novels. Arranged by Rosina Filippi. | \$1.                             |
| Gibbes, Emily Oliver. Reflections on Paul. \$1.25.               | Macmillan & Co.                  |
| Hamberlin, L. R. Verses.   | Charles T. Dillingham.           |
| Hardy, T. The Mayor of Casterbridge. Illust. \$1.50.             | Austin, Tex.: Corner & Fontaine. |
| Hope, A. A Change of Air.  | Harper & Bros.                   |
| Humphrey, Frank Pope. A New England Cactus. 25c.                 | Rand, McNally & Co.              |
| Hudson, William C. Should She Have Left Him? 50c.                | Cassell Pub. Co.                 |
| Hume, Fergus. The Third Volume. \$1.                             | Cassell Pub. Co.                 |
| Leland, C. G. Legends of Florence. \$1.75.                       | Macmillan & Co.                  |



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 Mooney, Margaret S. Foundation Studies in Literature. \$1.25.  
 Silver, Burdett & Co.  
 Cassell Pub. Co.  
 Moleworth, Mrs. Leona. 50c.  
 Chicago: Laird & Lee.  
 Nordau, Max. Conventional Lies of Our Civilization. 30c.  
 Harper & Bros.  
 Norris, W. E. Billy Bellev. Illust. \$1.25.  
 Phillips, Claude. Antoine Wat eau.  
 Proceedings of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.  
 Madison, Wis.: Democrat Printing Co.  
 Pugh, E. A Street in Suburbi. \$1.  
 D. Appleton & Co.

Reade, Charles. Put Yourself in His Place. 50c.  
 Rhode Island School Reports. 1894.  
 Providence: E. L. Freeman & Son.  
 Royal Natural History, The. Edited by R. Lydekker.  
 Savage, Richard Henry. After Many Years.  
 Schallenberg, V. Green Tea. 50c.  
 Stevens, G. B. Doctrine and Life. \$1.25.  
 Thomas, Annie. Utterly Mistaken. 50c.  
 Thomas, J. W. Spiritual Law in the Natural World. \$2.  
 Tolstoi. Master and Man. Austin, Tex.: Corner & Fontaine.  
 Tracy, R. S. Hand-Book of Sanitary Information.  
 Weed, Clarence M. Insects and Insecticides. \$1.  
 Weidner, R. F. Introduction to Dogmatic Theology. \$2.  
 Wheeler, E. P. Real Bi-Metallism.  
 Zelle, J. S., and C. Perry. Bill Pratt.  
 Boston: Printed by D. B. Updike.

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